

FIFTY POEMS OF ḤĀFIZ

ALSO BY A. J. ARBERRY

The Doctrine of the Šūfis

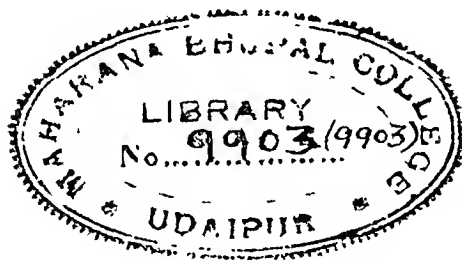
A Modern Persian Reader

FIFTY POEMS OF HĀFIZ

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS
COLLECTED AND MADE, INTRODUCED
AND ANNOTATED BY

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INTRODUCTION

I

IT is two hundred years since the birth of Sir William Jones (1746-1794), the father of Persian studies in the west; one century and three-quarters since the publication of *A Persian Song*, his celebrated translation which introduced Ḥāfiz of Shīrāz to the literary world of London and Europe. The present is thus a peculiarly opportune time to review what his successors have done in furthering the study and interpretation of this, the greatest lyric poet of Persia; the more so since it has long been desirable to furnish students with a text-book appropriate to their needs as beginners in the appreciation of Persian lyrical poetry. The selection now presented has been made with the double object of exhibiting the various aspects of Ḥāfiz' style and thought, and of representing how English scholars have attempted to render his poetry in their own language. Lest it should be supposed that the work of two centuries has exhausted every aspect of the study of Ḥāfiz, and that the last word on his interpretation has been said, these introductory remarks will suggest fresh approaches to the subject, and propose a number of lines along which future research might with advantage be directed.

Ḥāfiz is by universal consent the supreme master of the art of the Persian *ghazal*—a literary form generally equated with the lyric; though perhaps the sonnet is in some respects a closer equivalent. When it is considered that literary critics of undoubted authority have estimated Persian poetry as an important contribution to the art of self-expression in metre and rhyme, and the Persian *ghazal* as a form unsurpassable of its kind, it may be readily conceded that Ḥāfiz is a poet eminently worth study; and it may without undue optimism be conjectured that as a master of a splendid art-form he can still teach useful lessons to all who are interested in the evolution of poetic expression. If it is added,

as a personal opinion, that Ḥāfiz' technique can by modified imitation inspire new developments in western poetry, perhaps a claim so extravagant will not be rejected so summarily as similar claims less solidly founded; for Ḥāfiz is as highly esteemed by his countrymen as Shakespeare by us, and deserves as serious consideration.

The Persians were not greatly interested in the lives of their poets, and consequently we have little reliable information on which to construct a biography of Ḥāfiz; though modern scholars have displayed great learning and ingenuity in attempting to recover the salient facts of his career. The student is recommended to consult the charming preface to Gertrude Bell's *Poems from the Divan of Hafiz*; the section on Ḥāfiz in E. G. Browne's *Literary History of Persia*; the introduction to Ḥusain Pezhmān's edition of the *Dīrān*; and, above all, the voluminous and profound study of the poet by Dr Qāsim Ghani (*Baḥṭh dar āthār u asfār u aḥrāl-i Ḥāfiz*) which is now appearing in Teheran. Not to duplicate what is readily accessible elsewhere, we confine ourselves here to the barest outline of the poet's life.

Shams al-Dīn Ḥāfiz of Shīrāz was born at the capital of the province of Fārs about the year 720/1320; some sixty years after the great catastrophe of Islamic history, Hūlāgū Khān's capture and sack of Baghdād; rather less than a century after the death of Muḥyī al-Dīn Ibn 'Arabī (d. 638/1240), the greatest theosophist of the Arabs; and fifty years after the death of Jalāl al-Dīn Rūmī (d. 672/1273), Persia's most original mystical poet. He grew up in an age when the finest Arabic literature had already been written, and in the shadow of the reputation of his distinguished fellow-citizen, Shaikh Sa'dī (d. 690/1291 or 691/1292). Persian poetry had thus reached its consummation in the romantic epic (Nizāmī probably died in 599/1202), the mystical *mathnawī*, the *rubā'ī*, the *qaṣīda* (Anvarī died between 585/1189 and 587/1191), and gnomic verse; Ḥāfiz spent little time on the *qaṣīda* and *rubā'ī*, and none at all on the other classical forms, but elected to specialize in the *ghazal*, no doubt supposing—and not without

cause—that he had something to contribute to this most delicate of all poetic forms.

As a student, Ḥāfiẓ evidently learned the Qur'ān by heart (for so his name implies), and his poetry proves that, like other Persian poets, he acquired a competence in all the Muslim sciences taught in his day; for the Persian poet must have learning as much as original genius. It seems likely that he was a man of no great substance, especially if we admit the evidence of a manuscript of the *Khamṣa* of Amīr Khusrau of Delhi (d. 725/1325) now preserved in the State Library of Tashkent which bears a colophon stating that it was written by “the humblest of God’s creatures Muḥammad nicknamed Shams al-Ḥāfiẓ al-Shīrāzī” and completed on 24 Ṣafar 756/9 February 1355 (see A. A. Semenov’s note in *Sukhan*, vol. II, pp. 95–6); for only a relatively poor man would seek his bread by transcribing other men’s poems for pay. It remained for him therefore to develop and perfect his God-given genius for song, and by soliciting the favour of wealthy and powerful patrons to emulate in the fourteenth century those already legendary figures of the twelfth who had risen in the courts of princes to great eminence and abundant riches, and yet secured the highest prize of all, immortality in the hearts and on the lips of succeeding generations. Wealth, as it seems, was destined to elude Ḥāfiẓ’ grasp, for the age in which he lived was an age of insecurity and sudden catastrophe; but he achieved in full measure the ampler portion of eternal fame, even in lands whose very names were unknown in his day and among peoples speaking a language cognate with his own, yet never imagined in his mind.

Shīrāz, “a large and flourishing town with many riches and many inhabitants” (as the anonymous author of the *Ḥudūd al-‘ālam* called it, writing towards the end of the tenth century), capital of the province of Fārs from which Persia obtained her name in the West, at the time of Ḥāfiẓ’ birth formed part of the dominions of Sharaf al-Dīn Maḥmūdshāh of the Injū dynasty, a fief of the Mongol overlord Uljāitū and his successor Abū Sa’īd.

The territories about the city were infested with robber bands, to prevent whose depredations formed no small part of the cares of the ruler. The death of Abū Saʿīd in 736/1335 provided the youthful Ḥāfiẓ with his first personal experience of the transient nature of human glory; for his follower Arpa Khān had Maḥmūdshāh immediately put to death. There followed a struggle for power between his four sons, Jalāl al-Dīn Masʿūdshāh, Ghīyāth al-Dīn Kaikhusrau, Shams al-Dīn Muḥammad and Abū Ishāq Jamāl al-Dīn; Kaikhusrau was the first to pay the supreme penalty of unwise ambition (739/1339), to be followed to his grave the next year by Muḥammad. Meanwhile Shīrāz passed into the hands of Pīr Ḥusain, the Chupanid princeling with whom Muḥammad had conspired and who requited his confidence by slaying him; but the intruder had little joy of his filched possession; the infuriated populace drove him out, and when he would have returned the following year he fell out with a confederate and met his end. Masʿūdshāh, the eldest of Maḥmūdshāh's sons, fell victim to an imprudent intrigue in 743/1343; and after a further bout of violence the youngest of the brothers, Abū Ishāq, at last succeeded in establishing his authority throughout Fārs. We have a fragment of Ḥāfiẓ (Brockhaus' edition of the *Divān*, no. 579), written many years after these events, in which the poet recalls the reign of "Shāh Shaikh Abū Ishāq when five wonderful persons inhabited the kingdom of Fārs"—the Shāh himself, the chief judge of Shīrāz Majd al-Dīn Ismāʿīl b. Muḥammad b. Khudādād (for whom see no. 50 of this selection), a certain Shaikh Amīn al-Dīn, the eminent theologian and philosopher ʿAḍud al-Dīn ʿAbd al-Raḥmān b. Aḥmad al-Ījī (d. 756/1355), and Ḥājji Qiwām al-Dīn Ḥasan, a favourite of the Shāh, whose death in 754/1353 Ḥāfiẓ celebrated with a necrology (Brockhaus no. 610).

Abū Ishāq was an ambitious man; having secured the mastery of Shīrāz and Fārs he sought to extend his dominion to embrace Yazd and Kirmān, and so brought himself into conflict with the neighbouring dynasty of the Muẓaffarids. This house, founded by

Sharaf al-Dīn Muẓaffar (d. 713/1314) the fief successively of the Mongol Īlkhāns Arghūn, Ghāzān, and Uljāitū, had its capital at Maibudh' near Yazd. Muẓaffar was succeeded by his son Mubārīz al-Dīn Muḥammad, at that time a lad of thirteen; he grew into a resolute and ruthless ruler, taking Yazd in 718/1318 or 719/1319 and holding his petty empire in the face of bloody rebellion; profiting by the chaos that resulted from the death of Abū Sa'īd, in 740/1340 he annexed Kirmān. Twice Abū Ishāq essayed to wrest Kirmān from the grasp of its new master, and twice he failed; in 751/1350-1 he tried his hand against Yazd, but was speedily repulsed; a third attempt at Kirmān ended in a signal defeat (753/1352). Mubārīz al-Dīn, encouraged by this final verdict, now took the offensive into the enemy's camp, and in 754/1353 he captured Shīrāz; he pursued his triumph, took Iṣfahān, and put his stubborn foe to death in 757/1356 or 758/1357.

It appears that Shīrāz did not greatly enjoy its change of rulers, for Mubārīz al-Dīn was a Sunnī zealot; the story of the closing of the wine-taverns, and Ḥāfiz' supposed reference to the event, may be read in Browne (*Literary History of Persia*, vol. III, pp. 277-5). However, the conqueror did not long prevail in his new empire; for in 759/1358, while on a military expedition that had won for him the temporary possession of Tabrīz, he was made prisoner by his own son Shāh Shujā' and, after the barbarous fashion of those days, blinded; he died in 765/1364. Ḥāfiz does not appear to have esteemed it profitable to solicit the favour of the austere Mubārīz al-Dīn, though he has two poems in praise of his chief minister Burhān al-Dīn Faṭḥ Allāh (Brockhaus, nos. 400, 571).

Shāh Shujā' enjoyed a relatively long reign, though he saw his share of fraternal envy and neighbourly rivalries. His brother Shāh Maḥmūd, who ruled over Abarqūh and Iṣfahān, in 764/1363 seized Yazd; to be in turn besieged in Iṣfahān until the two princes came to an understanding. The reconciliation was short-lived; the following year Maḥmūd allied himself to Uwais, the Jalā'irid ruler of Baghdād since 756/1355, and after laying siege to Shīrāz for eleven months captured the city, only to lose it again in

767/1366. Shāh Maḥmūd died in 776/1375, and thereupon Shāh Shujā' possessed himself of Iṣfahān. Uwais succumbed suddenly in the same year; and the lord of Shīrāz thought the moment opportune to enlarge himself towards Ādharbāijān at the expense of Ḥusain, the new sovereign of Baghdād. However, what success Shāh Shujā' achieved was soon undone when he found his nephew Shāh Yaḥyā conspiring against him; he renounced his spoils, made peace with Ḥusain, and married his son Zain al-'Ābidīn to the Baghdādi's sister. This was far from the end of trouble between the two neighbours; and when Ḥusain was murdered by his brother Aḥmad in 783/1381 the latter, confronted by the inevitable succession of hopeful pretenders, was glad to solicit the friendly support of Shāh Shujā', and to repudiate it as soon as his throne seemed secure. But meanwhile a cloud was gathering on the horizon that would presently grow into a storm sweeping all these petty conspiracies into ruin and oblivion. Timūr Lang, born at Kash in Transoxiana in 736/1336, had won his way through blood to the throne as "rightful heir" to Chaghatāi and true descendant of Chingiz; after ten years' wars of consolidation, he invaded Khurāsān in 782/1380-1, and within two years mastered Gurgān, Māzandarān and Seistān. Shāh Shujā', recognizing the portents, bought the favour of the mighty conqueror with rich gifts and a daughter; death spared him further anxieties in 786/1384.

The reign of Shāh Shujā' saw the full blossoming of the flower of Ḥāfiz' genius. Being a man of more liberal views than his predecessor, he created the conditions indispensable to the free display of poetic talent; and though it is said that relations between the poet and his royal patron were at times lacking in cordiality (see Browne, *op. cit.* vol. III, pp. 280-2), Ḥāfiz immortalized him by name in four poems (cf. no. 28 of this collection and Brockhaus, nos. 327, 344, 346) and wrote a noble necrology for his epitaph (Brockhaus, no. 601); it is as certain as such conjectures can be that very many other poems in the *Dirāz*, though not naming Shāh Shujā' directly, were composed for him.

Future researchers may recover much from the obscure hints scattered up and down the poet's verses to shed new light on the dark history of these years in the chequered fortunes of Shīrāz.

Shāh Shujā' shortly before dying nominated his son Zain al-Ābidīn 'Alī to rule over Shīrāz, and his brother 'Imād al-Dīn Aḥmad to govern Kirmān. 'Alī was immediately opposed by his cousin Shāh Yaḥyā b. Sharaf al-Dīn Muẓaffar (Ḥāfiẓ courted him by name in five poems) who although subsequently reconciled lost his command of Iṣfahān and fled to Yazd. In 789/1387 'Alī, learning that his nominee at Iṣfahān, Muẓaffar-i Kāshī, had yielded before the approach of Tīmūr, abandoned Shīrāz for Baghdād and left it to Shāh Yaḥyā to make what terms he could with the formidable invader. The people of Iṣfahān were so imprudent as to kill Tīmūr's envoys, and expiated their rashness in a fearful massacre. Tīmūr declared Sultān Aḥmad the governor of Fārs, as well as Kirmān; then followed a bewildering series of events, characteristic of the kaleidoscopic nature of the destinies of those times. Zain al-Ābidīn 'Alī on quitting Shīrāz had secured the friendship of his cousin Shāh Maṣṣūr b. Sharaf al-Dīn Muẓaffar at Shūshtar, but was almost immediately attacked and imprisoned by him. Shāh Maṣṣūr (whom Ḥāfiẓ complimented in a number of poems, including, according to some manuscripts, no. 37 of this selection) now walked into undefended Shīrāz; and when 'Alī, released by his jailers, made common cause with Shāh Yaḥyā and Sultān Aḥmad against him, Maṣṣūr defeated the coalition and occupied all 'Irāq. 'Alī fled, but was captured by the governor of Raiy and handed over to Shāh Maṣṣūr, who ordered him to be blinded. Flushed with these successes, Maṣṣūr thought to match his fortunes against the dread Tīmūr's. It was an unlucky speculation. The mighty conqueror marched to the gates of Shīrāz, and there, after a desperate resistance, Maṣṣūr fell. The rest of the Muẓaffarids immediately declared their submission to Tīmūr; but their tardy realism secured them only a week's further lease of life, and in Rajab 795/March 1393 they were all executed.

Hāfiz had not lived to see the final ruin of the house that had patronized his genius and been immortalized in his songs. In the year 791/1389 (or, according to some authorities, 792/1390) he passed to the mercy of God, and discovered at last the solution to the baffling riddle of human life. His death took place in the beloved city that had given him birth; he lies buried in the rose-bower of Muṣallā, on the banks of the Ruknābād, so often celebrated in his poems; his grave is marked by a tablet inscribed with two of his songs.

Such, in brief outline, were the main events of fourteenth-century Fārs, so far as they affected Hāfiz' life. The legends of his relations with distant rulers, of his intended journey to India, of his debate with Tīmūr Lang, may be read in Gertrude Bell and the other biographers, for what they are worth; it is sufficient to say that we have no contemporary evidence for them, and that they rest in all likelihood upon no securer basis than the intelligent speculation of his readers in after times; modern criticism is perhaps entitled to make its own guesses with equal measure of certainty and uncertainty. What is indisputable is that these were the times in which the poet lived, and these the verses (or as much of them as are genuine, of which more hereafter) in which he expressed his reactions to the world about him. Being a near and interested witness of many transactions of great violence, and the incalculable destinies of kings and princes, he might well sing:

"Again the times are out of joint; and again
 For wine and the loved one's languid glance I am fain.
 The wheel of fortune's sphere is a marvellous thing:
 What next proud head to the lowly dust will it bring?
 Or if my Magian elder kindle the light,
 Whose lantern, pray, will blaze aflame and be bright?
 'Tis a famous tale, the deceitfulness of earth;
 The night is pregnant: what will dawn bring to birth?
 Tumult and bloody battle rage in the plain:
 Bring blood-red wine, and fill the goblet again!"

It is said that in the year 770/1368-9 Ḥāfiz prepared a definitive edition of his poems. What truth there is in this tradition it is impossible now to decide; in any case we possess no manuscripts based upon this archetype; for all our transcriptions—they must surely run into many thousands scattered all over the world—probably go back ultimately to the edition put out after the poet's death by his friend Muḥammad Gulandām with a florid but singularly uninformative preface. Unless therefore the unexpected should happen, and beyond all reasonable hopes a manuscript or manuscripts turn up representing a tradition anterior to Gulandām's edition, we cannot get any nearer to the poems as Ḥāfiz himself wrote them than the text authorized after his death by a friend whose piety is unquestionable, but concerning whose scholarship and accuracy we are not in a position to form any judgement. The only other slight chance of escaping from this impasse, a slender one indeed, is to examine all the commentaries on the *Divān* (four in Persian and three in Turkish are known), every *takhmīs* or *tasdis* (poems incorporating an ode of Ḥāfiz) composed by later poets,¹ and every *jimg* (commonplace book) and *tadbkira* (biographies) in which Ḥāfiz is quoted, as well as every poem written since his time in which his verses are introduced by the figure known as *taḍmīn*; and it might well be found, at the end of all these labours, that we had still not progressed far beyond Gulandām.

Certainly well over a hundred printed or lithographed texts of Ḥāfiz have appeared, since the *editio princeps* issued by Upjohn's Calcutta press in 1791. Of these all but a very few represent a completely uncritical approach to the task of editorship. The best

¹ A *takhmīs* by Jamāl-i Lubnānī, a contemporary of Ḥāfiz, containing Brockhaus no. 59, was published by M. Minovi in *Rūzgar-i Nau*, vol. III, pt. i, pp. 43-4, using a British Museum manuscript dated 813-4/1410-1; the text there given has some remarkable variants not found in any copy of the *Divān*.

European edition is no doubt that of H. Brockhaus (Leipzig, 1854-63) which is based on the recension of the Turkish commentator Sūqī (d. 1006/1598) and includes a considerable part of his commentary. Several critical texts have been prepared in recent years by Persian scholars; of these the most reliable is that published at Teheran in 1320/1941 under the editorship of Mirzā Muḥammad Qazvīnī, E. G. Browne's friend and the *doyen* of modern Persian studies, and Dr Qāsim Ghānī, whose valuable and comprehensive monograph on the life and times of Ḥāfiz has already been mentioned. The most serious drawback to this otherwise admirable and beautiful text—it is a reproduction of an excellent original written in calligraphic *nasta'liq*—is its deficient critical apparatus. As this text—referred to hereafter as MQ—is based on a comparison of no fewer than seventeen manuscripts, several of them exceedingly old, and has been made by two of the most eminent Persian scholars now living, I have not hesitated to use it in editing these selections. At the same time I have mentioned in the notes such textual variants as are to be found in the editions of Brockhaus (B), V. R. von Rosenzweig-Schwannau (3 vols., Vienna, 1858-64), called hereafter RS, Ḥusain Pezhmān (=P, Teheran, 1318/1939), and (for a few poems, all so far published by this editor), Mas'ūd Farzād (=F).

The first and most fundamental problem attending the task of editing Ḥāfiz is to decide which of the poems attributed to him in the various manuscripts are genuine products of his pen. An indication of the complexity of this problem is provided by the following figures. The Calcutta 1791 edition contains 725 poems; Brockhaus printed 692; Pezhmān has 994 items, many of them marked as doubtful or definitely spurious. The editors of MQ have admitted 495 *ghazals* as unquestionably genuine, beside 3 *qaṣīdas*, 2 *mathnavīs*, 34 occasional pieces (*muqaṭṭa'āt*) and 42 *rubā'īs*—a total of 573 poems. Their austere editorship causes a number of popular favourites (popular rather in India and Europe than in Persia) to disappear, perhaps the best known of them being the jingle *tāza ba-tāza nan ba-nan* which

E. H. Palmer and Gertrude Bell made into pleasant English verses.

When the supposititious poems have been rejected, the next task is to determine what lines of each genuine poem are authentic; for very many of them have been inflated in the manuscripts, sometimes by as much as four or five couplets. This labour accomplished, it yet remains to establish the correct order of the lines of each poem—there is sometimes the wildest variation in this respect between the manuscripts. Finally, and in many ways most troublesome of all, we have to settle the innumerable problems of verbal variants.

There are a number of different reasons for this wide inconsistency between the manuscripts. To consider the spurious poems first: the explanation of this phenomenon is fairly simple; no doubt the prevailing cause is the desire of copyists at one stage or other of the transmission of the text to secure for their own inferior versifying an unmerited immortality by signing their products with Ḥāfiz' name. This is the conclusion reached by all scholars who have looked at the problem, and not only in connexion with Ḥāfiz; for it is a very prevalent malaise of Persian literature. But it seems reasonable to suppose that this does not tell the whole story. It may well be, in the first place, that other poets, possibly in Ḥāfiz' lifetime even, used the same pen-name as the great master; and that lyrics by them, quite innocently confounded with the poems of the supreme Ḥāfiz, have been diligently incorporated into the *Divān*. Again, it is not an impossible conjecture that, just as painters of great eminence in Persia are known to have signed the work of their pupils after making a few masterly retouches, so a celebrated poet would add to his income by teaching the craft to promising aspirants and would permit their "corrected" exercises to bear his name; he would be able during his lifetime to exclude such school specimens from the canon, but if they survived into later times there would be nothing but consummate literary taste to distinguish them from the poet's own work; and literary taste declined

lamentably in the generations that followed Ḥāfiẓ, if indeed it ever existed to any marked extent among professional copyists. Lastly we have perhaps to reckon with a third group of spuria: poems written by Ḥāfiẓ himself—juvenilia and such-like—but rejected by him in the fastidiousness of his mature judgement. It would interest the scribe who worked for pay, especially if he had in prospect a wealthy but ill-educated patron, by dint of drawing on all these subsidiary sources to impress and please his master with “the largest and completest copy of Ḥāfiẓ’ poems yet assembled”; and so the evil tradition of an inflated text, once securely founded, would continue into later times and ultimately gain the deceptive respectability of age.

The phenomenon of obtrusive lines calls for a rather different diagnosis. The chief causes of this blemish seem to be twofold. First, we may conjecture that men of parts, while reading a good and uninflated manuscript of Ḥāfiẓ, might amuse themselves by noting in the margin verses of other poets, in the same metre and rhyme, which seemed to them comparable and apposite; these annotations would of course be incorporated by a later scribe into the body of the text. Secondly, it is highly likely—and there are numerous passages in the *Divān* which lend support to this supposition—that a considerable number of these extra lines go back to Ḥāfiẓ himself, and represent stages in his workmanship.

Verbal variants have their own variety of causes. Primarily there is the well-known carelessness of scribes, and, what is perhaps even more deplorable, their dishonesty; failing to understand a word or a phrase, they sometimes did not hesitate to bring their archetype within the range of their own limited comprehension. In the second place, these variants in many instances doubtless perpetuate the poet’s first, second, third, or even fourth thoughts.

The foregoing analysis is not, the reader must believe, mere speculation; it is based upon a wide experience of manuscripts and a considerable apprenticeship in the trade of editing oriental texts; and chapter and verse could readily be quoted to illustrate

every variety of contrariety and corruption. But this book is not the place to assemble materials of that nature; and we will leave the subject with a recommendation that future editors of Ḥāfiẓ should exercise their scholarship, not unprofitably, by classifying according to their causes the outstanding variants in the codices.

It will be useful to conclude this section of the preface by giving a few notes on the more important of the manuscripts used in the edition of MQ, and described fully in the introductory remarks of Mīrzā Muḥammad. From these details it may be easier for the future editor of Ḥāfiẓ, when he comes to collate the best copies in Europe, to compare their merits with those of the finest manuscripts in Persia.

KH. MS. belonging to Saiyid 'Abd al-Raḥīm Khalkhālī, of Teheran. Dated 827/1424. Reproduced (with numerous errors) in Khalkhālī's edition of 1306/1927. Contains 495 *ghazals*; no preface or *qaṣīdas*. (Note: This is the oldest dated copy of the *Dīrān* hitherto reported. The next oldest are B=Bodleian copy dated 843/1439 and CB=Chester Beatty copy dated 853/1449. The British Museum has a *juzʿ* dated 813-4/1410-1 which is reported by M. Minovi to contain about 110 *ghazals* of Ḥāfiẓ.)

NKH. MS. belonging formerly to Ḥājj Muḥammad Aqā-yi Nakhjawānī of Ādharbāijān, presented by him to Dr Qāsim Ghanī. Undated, ca. 850/1446. Contains 495 *ghazals*; no preface or *qaṣīdas*.

R. MS. belonging formerly to Aqā-yi Ismā'il Mīr'āt, presented by him to Dr Qāsim Ghanī. Undated, "very near the time of Ḥāfiẓ". No preface or *qaṣīdas*.

[Note. Other old MSS. include the following. TM¹=copy dated 854/1450 in Majlis Library, Teheran. BM=British Museum copy dated 855/1451. BN=Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, copy dated 857/1453. TM²=Majlis Library, Teheran, copy dated 858/1454.]

"I am very conscious that my appreciation of the poet is that of the Western. Exactly on what grounds he is appreciated in the East it is difficult to determine, and what his compatriots make of his teaching it is perhaps impossible to understand." So, fifty years ago, wrote Gertrude Bell, Hāfiz' most felicitous translator; and nothing has appeared in print in the West since to give a clearer picture to the inquirer. It is unfortunately true that in classical Persian literature, literary criticism never progressed beyond a certain stage; and while we have some admirable analyses of the tropes and figures that are accounted elegant in Persian poetry, and intricate accounts of the numerous metres, of appreciation in the Western sense we possess practically nothing. When it comes to assessing the respective merits of the poets, and explaining in what their particular virtues consist, the *tadbkīra*-writers, our principal informants, are all too prone to indulge in a mixture of fulsome applause and verbal nebulosity, and that naturally does not take us very far.

Modern Persian writers have, however, gone a good way towards supplying the deficiencies of their predecessors; they have essayed to apply the canons of Western criticism to their national poets, so far as these can be applied; and we know now at least what Hāfiz' compatriots six centuries after think of his poetry. To help forward this aspect of our study within the limits proper to our present purpose, we offer a translation of extracts from the writings of two contemporary scholars, of undoubted authority, and thoroughly representative of the best modern Persian criticism.

(1) Ridā-zāda Shafaq, *Tārīkh-i adabiyāt-i Irān* (Tehran, 1321/1942), pp. 332-6.

"With the fine sensitivity and acute susceptibility which irradiate the Khwāja's poetry, it is remarkable how this liberal-hearted poet preserved the strength and serenity of his poetic

imagination in the face of the bloody events of his time. All Persia was in the throes of insurrection and conflict; Fārs, and Shīrāz itself, did not escape this battle; and Ḥāfiz with his own eyes witnessed the slaying of kings, the devastation of houses, the wars of pretenders, even the quarrels between members of a single family, such as for instance the Muẓaffarids; yet he seems to have regarded these events from some spiritual eminence as if they were the little waves of an ocean; his gaze was rather fixed on the unity of the ocean of nature, the meaning and purpose of the world. It is true that on occasion his mind rebelled, and in deep emotion he would say:

‘What is this anarchy that I see in the lunatic sphere? I see all horizons full of strife and sedition.’

But he always returned to his mental composure, and sought for tranquillity of heart in a world tumultuous beneath the wings of his broad, celestial thoughts.

“This mystical steadfastness of Ḥāfiz is apparent even in his *gaṣīdas*; he belongs to that class of poets who rarely indulged in panegyric, was never guilty of hyperbole. He was not the man to flatter for flattery’s sake; he never surrendered his steadfastness of purpose. Though every prince in his turn was powerful and all-conquering, Ḥāfiz never debased his language, nor transgressed the bounds of legitimate applause. He did not hesitate on occasion to proffer counsel, reminding them in penetrating and moving verses of the truth that every man in the end gets his deserts, that fate rewards and punishes every act, and reckons king and beggar equal and alike.

“Ḥāfiz’ spiritual greatness and mental power proceeded from that mystical consciousness which in him attained perfection. That path of life of which Sanā’i, ‘Attār, Jalāl al-Dīn and Sa’dī had spoken each in turn and in his own way, was by Ḥāfiz described in language that plumbs the depths of feeling and soars to the heights of expression. Subjects of which others had spoken in detail, in his choice, brief lyrics found better and sweeter

treatment. So deeply immersed was he in the mystic unity, that in every ode and lyric, whatever its formal subject, he included one or more verses expressive of this lofty theme. This indeed is perhaps the greatest individual feature of Ḥāfiz' poetry; and it was by reason of this very immersion in the Unity that he had no time for the world's plurality, for differences of faith, and all vain disputes and enquiries:

'Excuse the war of all the seventy-two sects; as they have not seen the truth, they have plundered on the highway of legend.'

"Because he loved truth, sincerity and unity, Ḥāfiz railed against every manner of conflict and discord. He was especially pained and distressed by trifling quarrels and superficial differences, by the hypocrisy and imposture of false ascetics. He criticized bitterly those hypocritical Ṣūfis who claimed to be following his own path but were in reality worldly men, parading their rags and making a display of their poverty. He had no desire to be numbered among them:

'The fire of deceit and hypocrisy will consume the barn of religion; Ḥāfiz, cast off this woollen cloak, and be gone!'

Perhaps in this respect, namely in detestation and revolt against hypocrisy and imposture, no other Persian poet has equalled Ḥāfiz.

"His true mastery is in the lyric (*ghazal*). In Ḥāfiz' hands the mystical lyric on the one hand reached the summit of eloquence and beauty, and on the other manifested a simplicity all its own. As we have already said, in short words he stated ideas mighty and subtle. Quite apart from the sweetness, simplicity and conciseness which are apparent in every lyric of Ḥāfiz, a spirit of genuine sincerity pervades every line. It is evident that the master's lyrics come straight from the heart; each poem is a subtle expression of the poet's innermost thoughts. It was by virtue of this same faith that the poet turned away and shrank from every kind of superficiality, that he rent to pieces the snare of trickery and deceit, and rejected the outward ornaments of the faiths and

sects, upbraiding in his verses all hypocrites—shaikhs, ascetics and Sūfīs alike.

“Especially in his lyrics, Hāfiz in addition to the spark he borrowed from the fire of the *ghazals* of ‘Attār and Rūmī, also took something from the style of his own age. In this respect he shewed himself a disciple particularly of the style of such predecessors and contemporaries as Sa’dī, Khwājū, Salmān-i Sāvajī, Auḥadī and ‘Imād-i Faqīh; many of the master’s verses and lyrics are parallel to theirs. [The author here quotes a few examples of such parallelisms.] Yet for all this Hāfiz was by no means content to be a mere imitator: he had his own style, and imparted a new lustre to the words. If his poetry is more often quoted than that of Khwājū and Salmān, this is due not solely to his spirituality, his greatness and his mystical influence; its celebrity is explained in part by the sweetness of his melody and the fluency and firmness of his verse. The poet himself, with that fine talent, that subtlety of taste and gift of revelation which he indisputably possessed, was well aware of the merit of his own composition, and it was in full and sure belief that he said:

‘O Hāfiz, I have not seen anything lovelier than thy poetry;
(I swear it) by the Qur’ān thou hast in thy bosom.’

Indeed Hāfiz, with that high talent, spiritual subtlety, natural gift of language, minute meditation, mystical experience and passionate gnosis which were vouchsafed to him, evolved such a construction of words and a mingling of varied expressions and ideas that he created an independent style and characteristic form of mystical lyric; so much so that connoisseurs of Persian literature can immediately recognize his poetry and identify his accent.

“In addition to his inventive gift of weaving words together and giving ideas expression, Hāfiz used special words and technical terms which he himself innovated, or which, if already used by others, find ampler display in his vocabulary. Examples of these are the words *ṭāmāt* (idle talk), *kharābāt* (taverns), *mughān* (Magians), *mughbachche* (young Magian), *khirqa* (mystic’s cloak),

sālūs (hypocrite), *pīr* (elder), *hātif* (heavenly voice), *pīr-i magh* (Magian elder), *girānān* (weighty ones), *rafl-i girān* (bump), *ḡannār* (girdle), *ṣauma'a* (monastery), *ḡāhid* (ascetic), *shāhid* (beauty), *tilasmāt* (talismans), *dair* (abbey, tavern), *kinisht* (church).

"In composing his poetry Ḥāfiẓ used various rhetorical figures such as *ihām* (amphibology), *murā'āt-i naẓīr* (parallelism), *tashbīḥ* (play on words), *tashbīḥ* (simile) and the like, though he had a special partiality for *ihām*. [Some examples are quoted.] He borrowed some of the similes common to the poets, such as comparing the hair with unbelief, a chain, a hyacinth, a snare, a noose, a snake; the brow with a bow; the stature with a cypress; the face with a lamp, a rose, the moon; the mouth with a rosebud, a pistachio. But this kind of obvious artifice has not lessened the natural effect of his words. It is also possible to find in Ḥāfiẓ's compositions allusions and proverbs derived from the popular language; for example, 'beating the drum under the blanket' is an allusion to hiding something which cannot be concealed, as in the following verse:

'My heart is weary of hypocrisy and the drum under the blanket.
O happy moment, when I hoist the standard at the wine-tavern.'

(2) Mīrẓā Muḥammad Qazvīnī, preface to Qāsim Ghāni *Baḥth dar āthār u asfār u alvāl-i Ḥāfiẓ*, vol. I (Tehran, 1321/1943) pp. iv-ix.

"I remember one day we were talking about the poets of Persia and Dr Ghānī asked me whom I considered to be the greatest of them. 'As is well known', I replied, 'poetry is made up of two elements—words, and meaning. The true poet and skilled artist maintains a proper balance between the two factors of words and meaning, and does not devote himself more than is necessary to beautifying his words and ornamenting his expressions, by employing elegant verbal artifices such as *tajnīs* (play on words), *ishtiqāq* (prosonomasia), *shibh-i ishtiqāq* (quasi-prosonomasia), *tarjī'* (correspondence), *takrīr* (repetition), *qalb* (anagram), etc."

ge of points), *taushīb* (acrostic), *siyāqat al-a'dād* (proposition multiples), *lirẓīm mā lā yalzam* (double rhyme), letters 'united) and *manqūṭ* (pointed), *muttaṣil* (joined) and *mumfaṣil* (separated), and similar devices that are more like children's games than rules governing elegant prose and poetry for serious men. Neither does the true poet so concern himself with refining his language by indulging in fine-spun fancies, involved ideas, abstruse similes and unintelligible references as to come to the point, or to make his language and obscure his intention, making it necessary for the hearer to think hard guessing what he is driving at—such a sample as characterizes the so-called 'Indian' poets. Moreover, he does not exaggerate the employment of such elegant devices as *murā'āt al-naẓīr* (parallelism), *tibāq* (matching), *ihām* (ambiguity), *ibhām* (ambiguity), *tafrī'* (evolution), *istiṣrāḥ* (exposition), *talmīb* (allusion), *jam'* (combination), *taqṣīm* (distribution) and the like, to the point of overloading his expression and fatiguing the hearer.¹ It is obvious of course that the skilful use of any of these artifices, either singly or in combination with one or two others, contributes definitely to elegance of style; but when these devices are multiplied to excess, and above all when a number of them are crowded together in a single verse, or in close proximity, they produce an exceedingly artificial appearance and are in fact an affront to the very art of poetry; and they will only weary and exhausting the audience.

If we study the works of all the Persian poets of the first class, and carefully, it will become clear that every one of them, in addition to his own inborn faculty and God-given genius, has paid scrupulous observance to this point, namely, the maintenance of a balance between words and meanings, and the avoiding of excess or deficiency in either respect. Nevertheless one can divide them into two quite distinct and different groups.

The first group consists of those poets whose style is quite elegant and natural, free of all formal ornament and verbal

¹ For an explanation of these terms see E. G. Browne, *Literary History of Persia*, vol. II, pp. 47-82.

decoration, devoid of every kind of artificiality and extravagance.... Prominent representatives of this school are, first, Firdausī, Khaiyām and Jalāl al-Dīn Rūmī; and secondly, most of the very old poets of the Ṣaffārid, Sāmānid and early Ghaznavid periods, such as Ḥanzala, Bādghisī, Firūz-i Mashriqī, Abū 'l-Mu'ayyad-i Balkhī, Shahīd-i Balkhī, Rūdakī, Abū Shukūr-i Balkhī, Daqīqī, Rābī'a-i Qizdarī-i Balkhī, Abū Ṭāhir-i Khisrā-vānī, Shākir-i Bukhārī, Labībī, Zainatī-i 'Alavī, 'Imāra-i Marvazī, Manṭiqī-i Rāzī, Kisā'i-i Marvazī, and the like. Unhappily most of the poetry of these has been lost, but from what is preserved in the biographies and dictionaries and certain histories it is very clearly possible to conjecture that they were all very great poets of the first class....

"Most of the first class Persian poets from the fifth and sixth (11-12th) centuries down to the present day—such as Farrukhī, 'Asjadī, 'Unṣurī, Ghaḍā'irī, Minuchihrī, Mukhtārī, Lāmi'i-i Gurgānī, Mas'ūd-i Sa'd-i Salmān, Sanā'i, Mu'izzī, Adīb-i Ṣābir, Abū'l-Faraj-i Rūnī, Anvarī, Saiyid Ḥasan-i Ghaznavī, 'Am'aq-i Bukhārī, Khāqānī, Zāhir-i Fāryābī, Sharaf al-Dīn-i Shafurva, Jamāl al-Dīn Muḥammad ibn 'Abd al-Razzāq-i Iṣfahānī, his son Kamāl al-Dīn Ismā'il, Athīr-i Akhsikātī, Athīr-i Ūmānī, Shaikh 'Aṭṭār, Sa'dī, Ḥāfiẓ and Jāmī—are all of the same class of poets, different at most more or less in the degree to which they have observed the aforementioned points.'

"After this statement, Dr Ghani asked, 'Suppose for instance we now wish to choose from among all these masters of the first class, including every variety and group, moderns and ancients alike, and suppose we intend to exhibit before the world the greatest of them all—whom would you choose?'

"This was my answer. 'The reply to this question has been generally agreed on for centuries, and the problem has been finally disposed of. Despite all differences of individual inclination and preference, despite the general divergence of opinion entertained by people on most matters, practically all are agreed on this one question; that the greatest poets of the Persian language since the

coming of Islam to the present time (each one in his special variety) are the six following—Firdausī, Khayyām, Anvarī, Rūmī, Sa'dī, Ḥāfiẓ. In my view, one can confidently add to these six the great philosopher Nāṣir-i Khusrau, since all the characteristic merits and artistic qualities that have established these six in the front rank of Persian poets are completely and in every respect present in the person of Nāṣir-i Khusrau....In my opinion Nāṣir-i Khusrau yields the palm to none of the six masters mentioned, with perhaps the possible exception of Ḥāfiẓ.'

"Again Dr Ghanī persisted in his inquisition. 'If,' he said, 'for the sake of example, some foreign country, say England, proposed to us that it was desired to erect a statue—in Hyde Park maybe—to the greatest poets of every nation on earth—the greatest, that is, by the general consensus of his compatriots—and that only one poet, and no more, was to be chosen by each nation; which of these six would you personally select as being in your view, and that of most men, the most truly poetical of the poets of Persia?'

"'In my view,' I answered, 'and I think this view coincides with the opinion held by the great majority of Persian scholars, as well as by non-Persians who have either known Persian or become acquainted with Ḥāfiẓ through the medium of translations, it may be that out of all the Persian poets of the first class—I have already named a great number of them to my good friend, and I leave you to find the names of the rest in the biographies and anthologies—without any exception whatsoever, the man whose poems embrace and contain every beauty alike of language and meaning to be found in poetry, every quality of image and reality that exists in fine speech, and who is at the same time the most eloquent and melodious writer of every age, ancient and modern included, the man who, compared with all the poetic stars of the first magnitude, is as a shining sun—without any doubt or hesitation that man is Khwāja Shams al-Ḥaqq wa'l-Milla wa'l-Dīn Muḥammad Ḥāfiẓ-i Shīrāzī, may God sanctify his great soul! As another great poet, Jāmī, who was also almost his

contemporary, declares in his *Babāristān*, his poetry, with all its sweetness, delicacy, freshness, ease, elegance, flow, agreeableness and unaffectedness, is something very near a miracle; it is a just object of pride not only for Persians, it is a source of glory for all mankind.”

4

The origin of the art-form chosen by Ḥāfiz to be his particular medium is wrapped in the obscurity of age; it remains a fascinating problem for the researcher to discover what exact process of evolution led ultimately to the perfect type familiar to us in his poems. One theory points to the “erotic prelude” (*nasīb*) which forms a constituent part of the characteristic ode of ancient Arabia, and suggests that in time this element was isolated into an independent unit, thus creating the *ghazal*. Alternatively it is argued that the *ghazal* is descended from some kind of lyrical poetry current in the courts of pre-Islamic Persia; but as no specimen of any such verse has been preserved this conjecture, attractive as it is, cannot command unconditional consent. What seems tolerably certain is that this form of poetry was always associated with music, that in fact it was designed to be sung; and it is natural to suppose that this very circumstance to a great extent determined the shape of the verses. It would be dangerous to place too much reliance on the references in classical Persian poetry to the sung poem at the palace of the old Persian kings, such for instance as the well-known passage in the *Khusrāw* “*Shīrīn*” of Nizāmī where Bārbad is credited with composing to thirty varieties of melody whose names are given; but it would be equally dangerous to dismiss these references entirely as pure fiction. Perhaps we have in fact to deal here with multiple origins; the Persian *ghazal* may be a product of that cross-fertilization of Iranian genius by the imported culture of Arabia which produced so many remarkable manifestations of the human spirit.

Whatever the truth of this matter may be, we are on solid

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ground when we examine the Arabic lyrics of the 'Abbāsid age and declare that these are the models used, and improved upon, by the later Persian poets. Leaving aside the suggestion that this poetic form even in Arabic was introduced by Persian minstrels reviving at the court of the Caliphs a tradition founded by their ancestors at the court of the Chosroes, we do not lack for parallels in the poetry of the school of Abū Nuwās to the simple, unmystical lyric of the early Persian poets. The reader familiar with the Persian lyric would be hard put to it to say whether the originals of the following poems were written in Persian or Arabic; they were in fact all Arabic.

THE SOLITARY TOPER

I sat alone with the wine-cup lip to lip,
We whispered together, and made us mighty free:
Right merry a fellow is wine, when a man would sip
And there is none that will bear him company.
Oh, I quaffed and quaffed the cup to my heart's delight.
Myself the saki, myself the toper, and all;
And I swear that never did eye behold a sight
One half so charming, and so fair withal.
And all the while, lest the evil eye should see,
I breathed in the beaker magic and sorcery.

(ABŪ NUWĀS)

NIGHTS OF JOY

Ah, many the long night thou and I
Have passed at ease with the wine-crowned cup,
Till the red dawn gleamed in the night-dim sky
And the stars of morn in the east rose up,
And along the west the stars of night
Like defeated armies pressed their flight.

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Then the brightest of joys were ours to gain,
With never a care in the world to cloud,
And pleasure untouched by the hand of pain,
Were delight with eternal life endowed:
But alas! that even the fairest boon
Is doomed, like night, to be spent too soon.

(IBN ZAIDŪN)

WINE AND ROSES

"Bring wine!" I said;
But she that sped
Bore wine and roses beautiful.
Now from her lip
Sweet wine I sip,
And from her cheeks red roses cull.

(IBN ZAIDŪN)

FOUR THINGS

Four things there be that life impart
To soul, to body and to heart:—
A running stream, a flowered glade,
A jar of wine, a lovely maid.

(ABŪ NUWĀS)

THE FIRST KISS

I begged for a kiss, and she gave it me,
But with long refusal, and urging on.
Then I said, "Tormentor, generous be—
One more kiss, and my thirst is gone!"

She smiled, and spake me a proverb wise
Every Persian knows is true:

"Yield not one kiss to the young man's sighs:
For the next he will plague and pester you!"

(ABŪ NUWĀS)

A PRETTY JADE

'Tis a tender, pretty jade,
 And my heart would fain possess her;
 Never lovelier form was made—
 Ask of them that can assess her!
 God created her to be
 A bane for poor mortality.

Pearls upon the air she flings
 When her ruby lips are singing;
 See her fingers on the strings,
 Hear the rebec proudly ringing!
 Cautiously I veil my sight
 Lest her radiance blind me quite.

All my heart's desire is she:
 O, that she might care for me!

(ABŪ NUWĀS)

These were the songs Rūdakī and his contemporaries knew when they fashioned the *ghazal* that was to become a peculiarly Persian form of poetry, and thereafter to exercise a profound influence on the poetry of Turkey and Muslim India. Unfortunately all but a few scattered quotations of these early Persian lyrics perished in the holocaust of the Mongol invasion, and what remains is far too insufficient to enable us to trace in detail the evolution of this art-form. We cannot say for certain when and by whom the convention of the *takhalluṣ* (pen-name and signature) was created; Sanā'ī (d. c. 545/1150) used it freely, but not invariably; Farīd al-Dīn 'Aṭṭār (d. 627/1230) has it in all his lyrics (he signs himself sometimes 'Aṭṭār and sometimes Farīd); by the time of Sa'dī (d. 690-1/1291-2) the practice is thoroughly established. Similarly we cannot now determine the origins of the various conventional images of the Persian lyric—rose and nightingale, candle and moth, etc., etc.—and of all the familiar

similes repeated with variations a thousand times by the classical poets. Here are subjects eminently suitable for further research; the researcher will need to extend his studies over the whole of Arabic as well as Persian lyrical poetry if he is to achieve anything like finality in his conclusions.

A further topic urgently requiring investigation—and this theme is particularly vital for the understanding and appraisal of Ḥāfiẓ' use of the lyric—is the development of the mystical connotation of the conventional figures. The tradition was certainly ancient in Ḥāfiẓ' time, and there are plentiful traces of it in the old Ṣūfī poetry in Arabic; while the celebrated Ibn al-Fārid (d. 632/1235) uses a fully developed system, as of course does Ibn 'Arabī (d. 638/1240) in his poetry. In Persian we find the convention firmly established already in the lyrics of Sanā'ī, as the following examples shew.

LOVE'S PRISONER

Thy beauty is my being's breath,
Thy majesty my fond pride's death;
Where'er thou art, my sweetest fair,
All life's felicity is there.

Loving thy loveliness divine,
Thy smile more potent far than wine,
All languid as thy slumb'rous eye
Intoxicated here I lie.

Ah, but thy finger-tips to kiss—
That were a more than earthly bliss,
Which to achieve were greater gain
Than monarch o'er both worlds to reign.

Anguished I yearn thy lips to touch;
Was ever heart's distraction such?—
A heart held firm and motionless
A prisoner of thy scented tress.

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Thy mouth, the huntsman of my mind,
Plots with thy locks my heart to bind;
And how shall time unspring the snare
That keeps me fast and fettered there?

ROSES BLOOM

The nightingale hath no repose
For joy that ruby blooms the rose;
Long time it is that Philomel
Hath loved like me the rosy dell.

'Tis sure no wonder if I sing
Both night and day my fair sweeting:
'Let me be slave to that bird's tongue
Who late the rose's praise hath sung.

O saki, when the days commence
Of ruby roses, abstinence
By none is charged: then pour me wine
Like yonder rose incarnadine.

LOVE'S OCEAN

Moslems all! I love that idol
With a true and jealous zeal;
Not for dalliance, but bewildered
In amazement here I kneel.

What is Love? A mighty ocean,
And of flame its waters are,
Waters that are very mountains,
Black as night, and swarming far.

Dragons fierce and full of terror
Crouch upon its waveswept rim,
While a myriad sharks of judgement
In its swelling billows swim.

Grief the barque that sails those waters,
 Fortitude its anchor is,
 And its mast is bent and tossing
 To the gale's catastrophes.

Me they cast in sudden transport
 Into that unfathomed sea
 Like a man of noble spirit
 Garmented in sanctity.

I was dead; the waters drowned me;
 Lo, the marvel, now I live
 And have found a gem more precious
 Than the treasured worlds can give.

It is beyond the scope of this fragmentary study to trace the development of the mystical *ghaṣṣal* in the writings of 'Aṭṭār, Rūmī, Sa'dī, 'Irāqī and the rest of Ḥāfiẓ' predecessors; and we must regretfully leave the full investigation of this fascinating subject to another occasion, or another inquirer.

5

Ḥāfiẓ found in the *ghaṣṣal* a well-developed art-form; it had been an instrument of many famous poets, each of whom had contributed in his turn something towards its evolution. Limited by circumstance and tradition to a comparatively short length convenient for singing, it had begun its life as a poem of love and wine; the Ṣūfis had exploited its libertine reputation in their quest for worldly shame, until the allegory had come finally to dominate the simple reality. This new treatment of the form, that must have seemed startlingly novel at first, was not long in fossilizing into a hard convention; the miraculous facility of Sa'dī's style might well have rendered further development impossible. The problem

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Ḥāfiẓ faced was similar in its own way to that which confronted Beethoven—how to improve upon the apparently perfect and final; Ḥāfiẓ' solution was no less brilliantly original than Beethoven's.

Just as Beethoven's earliest compositions strikingly resemble the mature Haydn, so Ḥāfiẓ in his first period is perfect Sa'dī. It is only natural to suppose that the young poet was captivated by the legend of the most famous singer Shīrāz had ever produced; he must have been eager to learn every detail of his fame from the lips of those still living who had seen and heard him; to his youthful spirit it may well have seemed the acme of ambition to imitate his flawless style. Though his editor Gulandām, by following the tradition of arranging his poems alphabetically according to rhyme, destroyed all vestiges of a chronological sequence, it is still possible within certain limits to assign the *ghazals* to definite periods in the poet's life; further research will doubtless establish a more exact precision in this respect than we have yet achieved.

The outstanding characteristic of the poems of Ḥāfiẓ' first period is that each deals with a single theme. This theme is elaborated to the poet's content and satisfaction; but he does not introduce—as he always did later—a second or a third theme to combine with the first; much less (as we find increasingly in the last period) does he make brief and fragmentary references to themes (for it was only after his fame had been established and his style become known that he could afford such refinements and be confident of remaining intelligible). A second point to note in the early poems is the complete absence of that distinctive philosophy which is the invariable accompaniment of his mature compositions: what may be epitomized as the doctrine of unreason, the poet's final answer to the inscrutability of fate, the utter-incapacity of man to master the riddle of the universe. Thirdly, and as a natural corollary of the preceding point, we find in these products of early manhood very little of the Ṣūfī allegory—love in them is human love, wine is the red wine of

the grape. In the present selection this early period seems to be represented by nos. 10, 16, 26, 27, 30, 49.

Ḥāfiẓ' second or middle period is marked by two important developments, the one relating to "words" and the other to "meaning" (to borrow the terminology of the Persian critics). The poet has found the escape for which he had been looking to rescue him from the impasse of Sa'dī's technical perfection. Hitherto the *ghazal* had treated only one theme at a time, and had measured perfection in relation to the variations composed upon that single subject. In the works of many of the older poets (and Sa'dī himself is not wholly exempt from this fault), the interest and ingenuity of the variations tended often to overshadow the significance of the theme itself; as a result the poem would cease to be an artistic unity; it would grow longer and longer; and there would be little difficulty for the critic actually to improve upon the poet's performance by pruning away the luxuriance of his imagination. Even in his younger days Ḥāfiẓ had always possessed too fine a critical sense to sacrifice unity on the altar of virtuosity; the new technique which he now invented depended wholly for success upon a rigid artistic discipline and an overwhelming feeling for shape and form.

The development in "words" (or, as we should say, poetic technique) invented by Ḥāfiẓ was the wholly revolutionary idea that a *ghazal* may treat of two or more themes, and yet retain its unity; the method he discovered might be described (to borrow a term from another art) as contrapuntal. The themes could be wholly unrelated to each other, even apparently incongruous; their alternating treatment would be designed to resolve the discords into a final satisfying harmony. As the poet acquired more and more experience of his new technique he was able to introduce further exciting innovations. It was not necessary to develop a theme to its logical conclusion at all; fragments of themes could be worked into the composition without damage to the resulting unity. It was the more easy to accomplish these experiments because convention had produced a regular repertory

of themes—to which Ḥāfiẓ added a few of his own creation—and the audience would immediately recognize a familiar subject from the barest reference to it.

This brings us to Ḥāfiẓ' second development, that in "meaning". We have referred already (and shall refer frequently in the notes) to what we have called his philosophy of unreason, which constitutes the central core of the poet's message. It is not of course suggested that Ḥāfiẓ was the first Persian to discover, or to teach, that life is an insoluble mystery; the doctrine is implicit in the pessimism of 'Umar Khayyām, the mysticism of Rūmī, even the pragmatism of Sa'dī; its roots are deeply grounded in both Neoplatonism and the transcendental theism of the Qur'ān, those twain fountain-heads of Ṣūfī theosophy. What Ḥāfiẓ did was rather to isolate this element from the mass of related and unrelated matter in which he found it embedded, and to put it forward as the focal point from which all theory, and all experience too, radiated. It was his justification for rejecting alike philosophy and theology, mosque and cloister, legalistic righteousness and organized mysticism; it enabled him to profess his solidarity with the "intoxicated" Ṣūfī like martyred Ḥallāj, and to revive the dangerous antinomianism of the Malāmatis; but above all it provided him with a spiritual stronghold out of which he could view with serene equanimity, if not with indifference, the utterly confused and irrational world in which it was his destiny to live. Indeed it is scarcely surprising that Ḥāfiẓ should have found his only comfort in this doctrine, for the events he witnessed, and still more the events of which he must have heard all too much in his childhood—the Mongol devastations and massacres—were sufficient to shatter all belief in a reasonable universe, and to encourage the most pessimistic estimate of the significance of the individual life. We who have witnessed two world-wide wars, and have survived into what the journalists so appositely call the atomic age, are well placed to understand Ḥāfiẓ, and to appreciate the motives underlying his doctrine of intellectual nihilism. We can even understand how profoundly his philosophy differs from

the hearty hedonism with which it has sometimes been confounded; the world's tragedy is too profound to be forgotten in unthinking mirth; and man for all his littleness and incapacity need not be unequal to the burden of sorrow and perplexity he is called upon to shoulder. Indeed, by abandoning the frail defences of intellectual reason and yielding himself wholly to the overwhelming forces of the spirit that surround him, by giving up the stubborn, intervening "I" in absolute surrender to the infinite "thou", man will out of his abject weakness rise to strength unmeasured; in the precious moments of unveiled vision he will perceive the truth that resolves all vexing problems, and win a memory to sustain him when the inevitable shadows close about him once more.

The middle period of Ḥāfiz' artistic life—the period of his greatest productivity—was devoted to the working out of these two developments and their exploitation in a wide variety of forms. It should be remembered that all the time the poet was under the necessity of earning a livelihood; and this aspect of his poetry should not be neglected in any broad review. The praise of patrons, and the poet's own self-applause, are readily explained by the hard circumstances of his life, even if to Western taste they form the least attractive features of his work. In any case, as Persian critics have justly remarked, patron-flattery plays a far smaller part in Ḥāfiz' poetry than in that of any other court-minstrel, and his panegyric has little of the extravagance that characterizes so much of Persian literature.

The salient feature of the third and last period of Ḥāfiz' work is an increasing austerity of style, coupled with a growing tendency towards obscurity and allusiveness. It is as though the poet was growing weary, or perhaps feeling a distaste for the display of virtuosity; and having established his philosophy and perfected his technique, he was now experimenting in a sort of surrealist treatment of the *ghazal*. The poems of this period are comparatively few in number, but they are in many ways the poet's most interesting productions; they will repay extended study, for they

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are quite unique in Persian literature, and have perhaps never been fully understood and appreciated; certainly no later poet seems to have attempted to continue these final experiments of the master craftsman. In this selection the third period is probably represented by nos. 15, 20, 33, 42, 46, 47.

6

If the analysis of Ḥāfiẓ' style given in the preceding section is anywhere near the truth—and the reader must be advised that no such reconstruction has, so far as the writer is aware, previously appeared in print—it necessarily follows that future translators of the poet will need an entirely fresh approach to their task from that which seems to have satisfied all his previous interpreters. To give an account of the methods followed by these interpreters, and of how they qualified for their undertaking, would expand these prefatory remarks unduly; their products, or typical specimens of them, may be studied here side by side with the originals; for the rest, the enquirer may if he desires consult three short articles contributed by the writer to the Persian periodical *Rūzgār-i Nau* (vol. iv, pt. 1, pp. 82-7; pt. 2, pp. 52-5; pt. 3, pp. 41-5), as well as a monograph published in *Islamic Culture* (April-July, 1946).

In the new versions offered here for the first time the attempt has been made to apply the new approach to Ḥāfiẓ to the task of translation. These versions are in the nature of an experiment, and are by no means uniform in design; it is hoped that they may serve their purpose of stimulating further trials. From what has been said it will be apparent that Ḥāfiẓ presents unusually difficult, if not insoluble, problems to the translator; these problems have not deterred the bold in the past, and they will assuredly not discourage the adventurous in the future.

There is one form of translation which appears to have written its own epitaph: this is the attempt, first made by Walter Leaf in twenty-eight versions, and then applied with indomitable industry

by John Payne to the whole *Divān*, to imitate both the monorhyme and the complicated metrical schemes of the original Persian. It is abundantly obvious now—and should have been before the experiment was ever made—that Persian rhymes and rhythms are entirely inimitable in English; and that it is doing the poet a grave disservice to use his masterly works as a laboratory for the display of perverse ingenuity. *Sic pereant omnes!*

A list follows of the books from which the translations here reproduced are culled; and acknowledgments are hereby made, and grateful thanks expressed, alike to translators and publishers who first put them into print. Ḥāfiz has had many admiring interpreters in English, more than any other Persian poet; perhaps from his abode of everlasting bliss he will look down kindly upon the islands of the western seas, so remote from his beloved homeland, and be pleased that the two peoples who have given finer lyrics to the world than any other should in him (as in others of his tongue) find a common bond of interest and of friendship.

- 1771. William Jones, *A Grammar of the Persian Language*.
- 1774. John Richardson, *A Specimen of Persian Poetry*.
- 1785. Thomas Law in *Asiatick Miscellany*, vol. 1. Calcutta.
- 1786. H. H. in *Asiatick Miscellany*, vol. II. Calcutta.
- 1787. John Nott, *Select Odes from the Persian poet Hafez*.
- 1800. John Haddon Hindley, *Persian Lyrics; or, scattered poems from the Divan-i-Hafiz*.
- 1875. Hermann Bicknell, *Ḥāfiz of Shīrāz*.
- 1877. Edward Henry Palmer, *The Song of the Reed and Other Pieces*.
- 1897. Gertrude Lowthian Bell, *Poems from the Divan of Hafiz*. (William Heinemann, Ltd.)
- 1898. Walter Leaf, *Versions from Hafiz*, an essay in Persian metre. (Alexander Moring, Ltd.)
- 1901. John Payne, *The Poems of Shemseddin Mohammed Hafiz of Shīrāz*. (Villon Society: for private circulation only.)
- 1905. Richard Le Gallienne, *Odes from the Divan of Hafiz*. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston, U.S.A.)
- 1921. Elizabeth Bridges (Elizabeth Daryush), *Sonnets from Hafiz and other Verses*. (O.U.P.)
- 1923. Reuben Levy, *Persian Literature, an introduction*. (O.U.P.)

TEXTS

عشق آسان نمود اول

ألا يا أيّها السّاقى أدر كاساً وناولها
که عشق آسان نمود اول ولی افتاد مشکها
ببوی نافه کاخر صبا زان طره بگشاید
ز تاب جعد مشکینش چه خون افتاد در دلها
مرا در منزل جانان چه امن عیش چون هر دم
جرس فرباد میدارد که بر بندید محملها
بمی سجاده رنگین کن گرت بیر مغان گوید
که سالک ییخبر نبود ز راه و رسم منزلها
شب تاریک و بیم موج و گردابی چنین هایل
کجا دانند حال ما سبکباران ساحلها
همه کارم ز خودکامی بیدنامی کشید آخر
نهان کی ماند آن رازی کزو سازند محفلها
حضورى گر همی خواهی ازو غایب مشو حافظ
متى ما تلقى من تهوى دعى الدنیا وأهلها

۲ صلاح کار کجا

صلاح کار کجا و من خراب کجا
بین تفاوت ره کز کجاست تا بکجا
دل ز صومعه بگرفت و خرقة سالوس
کجاست دیر مغان و شراب ناب کجا
چه نسبتست برندی صلاح و تقوی را
سماع وعظ کجا نغمه رباب کجا
ز روی دوست دل دشمنان چه دریابد
چراغ مرده کجا شمع آفتاب کجا
چو کل ینش ما خاک آستان شماست
کجا رویم بفرما ازین جناب کجا
بین بسیب زنخدان که چاه در راهست
کجا همی روی ایدل بدین شتاب کجا
بشد که یاد خوشش باد روزگار وصال
خود آن کرشمه کجا رفت و آن عتاب کجا
قرار و خواب ز حافظ طمع مدار ایدوست
قرار چیست صبوری کدام و خواب کجا

اگر آن ترك شیرازی بدست آرد دل مارا
بخال هندویش بخشم سمرقند و بخارا

بده ساقی می باقی که در جنت نخواهی یافت
کنار آب رکناباد و گلگشت مصلا

فغان کاین لولیان شوخ شیرین کار شهر آشوب
چنان بردند صبر از دل که ترکان خوان یغمارا

ز عشق ناتمام ما جمال یار مستغنی است
باب و رنگ و خال و خط چه حاجت روی زیبارا

من از آن حسن روزافزون که یوسف داشت دانستم
که عشقی از پرده عصمت برون آرد زلیخارا

اگر دشنام فرمائی و گر نفرین دعا گویم
جواب تلخ میزید لب لعل شکرخارا

نصیحت گوش کن جانا که از جان دوست تر دارند
جوانان سعادت مند پند پیر دانارا

حدیث از مطرب و می گو و راز دهر کتر جو
که کس نگشود و نگشاید بحکمت این معمارا

غزل گفתי و درستی بیا و خوش بخوان حافظ
که بر نظم تو افشانند فاک عقد ثریارا

صبا بلطف بگو آن غزال رعنارا
 که سر بکوه و بیابان تو داده مارا
 شکر فروش که عمرش دراز باد چرا
 تفقّدی نکند طوطی شکرخارا
 غرور حسنت اجازت مگر نداد ای گل
 که پرشی نکنی عندلیب شیدارا
 بخلق و لطف توان کرد صید اهل نظر
 ببند و دام نگیرند مرغ دانارا
 ندانم از چه مسبب رنگ آشنائی نیست
 سهی قدان سیه چشم ماه سیمارا
 چو با حبیب نشینی و باده پیمائی
 بیاد دار محبّان باد پیمارا
 جز این قدر نتوان گفت در جهال تو عیب
 که وضع مهر و وفا نیست روی زیبارا
 در آسمان نه عجب گر بگفته حافظ
 سرود زهره برقص آورد مسیحارا

○ عهد شباب

رونق عهد شبابست دگر بستان را
میرسد مژده گل بلبل خوش الحان را
ای صبا گر بجوانان چمن باز رسی
خدمت ما برسان سرو و گل و ریحان را
گر چنین جلوه کند مغیبه باده فروش
خاکروب در میخانه کنم مژگان را
ای که بر مه کشی از عنبر سارا چوگان
مضطرب حال مگردان من سرگردان را
ترسم این قوم که بر دردکشان میخندند
در سرکار خرابات کنند ایمان را
یار مردان خدا باش که در کشتی نوح
هست خاکی که بآبی نغرد طوفان را
برو از خانه گردون بدر و نان مطلب
کان سیه کاسه در آخر بکشد مهمان را
هر کرا خوابگاه آخر مشتی خاکست
گوچه حاجت که بافلاک کشی ایوان را
ماه کنعانی من مسند مصر آن تو شد
وقت آنست که بدرود کنی زندان را
حافظا می خور و رندی کن و خوش باش ولی
دام تزویر مکن چون دگران قرآن را

بیا که قصر امل سخت مست بنیادست
 بیار باده که بنیاد عمر بر بادست
 غلام همت آنم که زیر چرخ کبود
 ز هر چه رنگ تعلق بذیرد آزادست
 چگویمت که بمیخانه دوش مست و خراب
 سروش عالم غیم چه مژدها دادست
 که ای بلند نظر شاهباز سدره نشین
 نشین تونه این کنج محنت آبادست
 ترا ز کنگره عرش میزنند صغیر
 ندانمت که در این دامگه چه افتادست
 نصیحتی کنمت یاد گیر و در عمل آر
 که این حدیث ز پیر طریقم یادست
 غم جهان مخور و پند من مبر از یاد
 که این لطیفه عشقم ز رهروی یادست
 رضا بداده بده وز جبین گره بگشای
 که بر من و تو در اختیار نگشادست
 بجز درستی عهد از جهان سست نهاد
 که این عجوز عروس هزار دامادست
 نشان عهد و وفا نیست در تبسم گل
 بنال بلبل بیدل که جای فریادست
 حسد چه میبری ای سست نظم بر حافظ
 قبول خاطر و لطف سخن خدادادست

زلف آشفته و خوی کرده و خندان لب و مست
 پیرهن چاک و غزلخوان و صراحی در دست
 نرگش عربده جوی و لبش افسوس کنان
 نیم شب دوش بیالین من آمد بنشست
 سر فرا گوش من آورد باواز حزین
 گفت ایعاشق دیرینه من خوابت هست
 عاشقی را که چنین باده شبگیر دهند
 کافر عشق بود گر نبود باده پرست
 برو ای زاهد و بر درد کشان خرده بگیر
 که ندادند جز این تحفه بما روز الست
 آنچه او ریخت به پیمانۀ ما نوشیدیم
 اگر از خمر بهشتت و گر باده مست
 خنده جام می و زلف گره گیر نگار
 ای بسا توبه که چون توبۀ حافظ بشکست

شکفته شد گل هرا و گشت بلبل مست
 صلاى سرخوشى اى صوفیان باده پرست
 اساس توبه که در محکمی چو سنگ نمود
 بین که جام زجاجی چه طرفه اش بشکست
 بیار باده که در بارگاه استغنا
 چه پاسبان و چه سلطان چه هوشیار و چه مست
 ازین رباط دو در چون ضرورتست رحیل
 رواق و طاق معیشت چه سر بلند و چه بست
 مقام عیش میسر نمیشود بی رنج
 بلی بحکم بلا بسته اند عهد الست
 بهست و نیست مرنجان ضمیر و خوش میباش
 که نیستیست سرانجام هر کال که هست
 شکوه آصفی و اسب باد و منطق طیر
 بباد رفت و ازو خواجه هیچ طرف نبست
 ببال و پر مرو از ره که تیر پرتابی
 هوا گرفت زبانی ولی بخاک نشست
 زبان کلاک تو حافظ چه شکر آن گوید
 که گفته سخت میبردند دست بدست

گل در بر روی بر کف و معشوق بکاست
 سلطان جهانم بچنین روز غلامست
 گوشه میارید درین جمع که امشب
 در مجلس ما ماه رخ دوست تمامست
 در مذهب ما باده حلاست ولیکن
 بی روی تو ای سرو گل اندام حرامست
 گوشم همه بر قول نی و نغمه چنگست
 چشم همه بر لعل لب و گردش جامست
 در مجلس ما عطر میامیز که مارا
 هر لحظه ز گیسوی تو خوشبوی شامست
 از چاشنی قند مگو هیچ وز شکر
 ز آنرو که مرا از لب شیرین تو کامست
 تا گنج غمت در دل ویرانه میمست
 همواره مرا کوی خرابات مقامست
 از ننگ چه گوئی که مرا نام ز ننگست
 وز نام چه پرسی که مرا ننگ ز نامست
 میخواره و سرگشته و زندیم و نظرباز
 وانکس که چو ما نیست درین شهر کدامست
 با محتسم عیب مگوئید که او نیز
 پیوسته چو ما در طلب عیش مدامست
 حافظ منشین بی می و معشوق زانی
 کایام گل و یاسمن و عید صیامست

۱۰ صبا اگر گذری

صبا اگر گذری افتدت بکشور دوست
بیار نفحه از گیسوی معنبر دوست
بجان او که بشکرانه جان برافشام
اگر بسوی من آری پیامی از بر دوست
وگر چنانکه دران حضرت نباشد بار
برای دیده بیاور غباری از در دوست
من گدا و تمنای وصل او هیات
مگر بخواب بینم خیال منظر دوست
دل صنوبریم همچو بید لرزانست
ز حسرت قد و بالای چون صنوبر دوست
اگرچه دوست بجیزی نمیخرد مارا
بعالی نفروشم موی از سر دوست
چه باشد ارشود از بند غم دلش آزاد
چو هست حافظ مسکین غلام و چاکر دوست

صبحدم مرغ چمن با گل نخواستہ گفت
 ناز کم کن کہ درین باغ بسی چون تو شکفت
 گل بخندید کہ از راست نرنجیم ولی
 هیچ عاشق سخن سخت بمعشوق نگفت
 گر طمع داری از آن جام مرصع می لعل
 ای بسا دُر کہ بنوک مژہات باید سفت
 تا ابد بوی محبت بمشامش نرسد
 ہر کہ خاک در میخانہ برخسارہ نرفت
 در گلستان ارم دوش چو از لطف ہوا
 زلف سنبیل بنسیم سیری می آشفست
 گفتم ای مسند جم جام جهان بینت کو
 گفت افسوس کہ آن دولت بیدار بخت
 سخن عشق نہ آنست کہ آید بزبان
 ساقیا می ده و کوتاہ کن این گفت و شنفت
 اشک حافظ خرد و صبر بدریا انداخت
 چکند سوز غم عشق نیارست نہفت

ای هدهد صبا بسبا می فرستمت
 بنگر که از کجا بکجا می فرستمت
 حیفت طایری چو تو در خاکدان غم
 زاینجا باشیان وفا می فرستمت
 در راه عشق مرحله قرب و بعد نیست
 می بینمت عیان و دعا می فرستمت
 هر صبح و شام قافله از دعای خیر
 در صحبت شمال و صبا می فرستمت
 تا لشکر غمت نکند ملک دل خراب
 جان عزیز خود بسوا می فرستمت
 ای غایب از نظر که شدی همنشین دل
 میگویمت دعا و ثنا می فرستمت
 در روی خود تفرج صنع خدای کن
 کاینه خدای نما می فرستمت
 تا سطر بان ز شوق منت آگهی دهند
 قول و غزل بساز و نوا می فرستمت
 ساقی بیا که هاتف غیم بمژده گفت
 با درد صبر کن که دوا می فرستمت
 حافظ سرود مجلس ما ذکر خیر تست
 بشتاب هان که اسب و قبا می فرستمت

شراب و عیش نهان چیست کار بی بنیاد
 زدیم بر صف رندان و هرچه بادا باد
 گره ز دل بگسّا وز سپهر یاد مکن
 که فکر هیچ مهندس چنین گره نگشاد
 ز انقلاب زمانه عجب مدار که چرخ
 ازین فسانه هزاران هزار دارد یاد
 قدح بشرط ادب گیر زانکه ترکیبش
 ز کاسه سر جشید و بهمنست و قباد
 که آگهست که کاوس و کی کجا رفتند
 که واقفست که چون رفت تخت جم بر باد
 ز حسرت لب شیرین هنوز می بینم
 که لاله میدمد از خون دیده فرهاد
 مگر که لاله بدانست بیوفائی دهر
 که تا بزاد و بشد جام می ز کف ننهاده
 بیا بیا که زمانی ز می خراب شویم
 مگر رسم بگنجی در این خراب آباد
 نمیدهند اجازت مرا بسیر سفر
 نسیم باد مصلا و آب رکناباد
 قدح مگیر چو حافظ مگر بناله چنگ
 که بسته‌اند بر ابریشم طرب دل شاد

روز وصل دوستداران یاد باد
 کلام از تلخی غم چون زهر گشت
 گرچه یاران فارغند از یاد من
 مبتلا گشتم درین بند و بلا
 گرچه صد رودست در چشم مدام
 راز حافظ بعد ازین ناگفته ماند

یاد باد آن روزگاران یاد باد
 بانگ نوش شاد خواران یاد باد
 از من ایشانرا هزاران یاد باد
 کونش آن حق گزاران یاد باد
 زنده رود باغ کاران یاد باد
 ای دریغا رازداران یاد باد

سالها دل طلب جام جم از ما میکرد
 و آنچه خود داشت زیگانه تمنا میکرد
 گوهری کز صدف کون و مکان بیرونست
 طلب از گم شدگان لب دریا میکرد
 مشکل خویش بر پیر مغان بردم دوش
 کو بتایید نظر حلّ معما میکرد
 دیدمش خرم و خندان قدح باده بدست
 و اندران آینه صد گونه تماشا میکرد
 گفتم این جام جهان بین بتو کی داد حکیم
 گفت آنروز که این گنبد مینا میکرد
 بیدلی در همه احوال خدا با او بود
 او نمیدیدش و از دور خدا را میکرد
 این همه شعبده خویش که میکرد اینجا
 سامری بیش عصا و ید بیضا میکرد
 گفت آن یار کزو گشت سر دار بلند
 جرمش این بود که اسرار هویدا میکرد
 فیض روح القدس از باز مدد فرماید
 دیگران هم بکنند آنچه مسیحا میکرد
 گفتمش سلسله زلف بتان از پی چیست
 گفت حافظ کله از دل شیدا میکرد

یارم چو قدح بدست گیرد	بازار بتان شکست گیرد
هر کس که بدید چشم او گفت	کو محتسبی که مست گیرد
در بحر فتاده‌ام چو ماهی	تا یار مرا بشست گیرد
در پاش فتاده‌ام بزاری	آیا بود آنکه دست گیرد
خرم دل آنکه همچو حافظ	جای ز می الست گیرد

و با غم بسر بردن جهان یکسر نمی‌ارزد
 بمی بفروش دلق ما کزین بهتر نمی‌ارزد
 کوی می فروشانش بجای بر نمی‌گیرند
 زهی سباده تقوی که يك ساغر نمی‌ارزد
 بم سرزنشها کرد کز این باب رخ برتاب
 چه افتاد این سر مارا که خاك در نمی‌ارزد
 کوه تاج سلطانی که بیم جان درو درجست
 کلاهی دلکش است اما بترك سر نمی‌ارزد
 آسان مینمود اول غم دریا ببوی سود
 غلط کردم که این طوفان بصد گوهر نمی‌ارزد
 آن به که روی خود ز مشتاقان بپوشانی
 که شادی جهانگیری غم لشکر نمی‌ارزد
 حافظ در قناعت کوش و از دنیی دون بگذر
 که يك جو منت دونان بصد من زر نمی‌ارزد

غلام نرگس مست تو تاجدارانند
 خراب بادۀ لعل تو هوشیارانند
 ترا صبا و مرا آب دیده شد غماز
 و گر نه عاشق و معشوق رازدارانند
 ز زیر زلف دوتا چون گذر کنی بنگر
 که از یمین و یسارت چه سوکوارانند
 گذار کن چو صبا بر بنفشه زار و بین
 که از تطاول زلفت چه بیقرارانند
 نصیب ماست بهشت ای خداشناس برو
 که مستحق کرامت گناه کارانند
 نه من بر آن گل عارض غزل سرایم و بس
 که عندلیب تو از هر طرف هزارانند
 تو دستگیر شو ای خضر پی خجسته که من
 بیاده میروم و همربان سوارانند
 بیا بمیکده و چهره ارغوانی کن
 مرو بصومعه کانجا سیاه کارانند
 خلاص حافظ از آن زلف تابدار مباد
 که بستگان کند تو رستگارانند

دوش دیدم که ملائک در میخانه زدند
 گل آدم بسرشتند و به پیمانه زدند
 ساکنان حرم ستر و عفاف ملکوت
 با من راه نشین باده مستانه زدند
 آسمان بار امانت نتوانست کشید
 قرعه کار بنام من دیوانه زدند
 جنگ هفتاد و دو ملت همه را عذر بنه
 چون بدیدند حقیقت ره افسانه زدند
 شکر ایزد که میان من و او صلح افتاد
 صوفیان رقص کنان ساغر شکرانه زدند
 آتش آن نیست که بر شعله آن خندد شمع
 آتش آنست که در خرمن پروانه زدند
 کس چو حافظ نگشاد از رخ اندیشه نقاب
 تا سر زلف سخن را بقلم شانه زدند

گفتم کیم دهان و لب ت کامران کنند
 گفتا بچشم هر چه تو گوئی چنان کنند
 گفتم خراج مصر طلب میکند لب ت
 گفتا درین معامله کتر زیان کنند
 گفتم بنقطه دهنیت خود که برد راه
 گفت این حکایتیست که با نکته دان کنند
 گفتم صنم پرست مشو با صمد نشین
 گفتا به کوی عشق همین و همان کنند
 گفتم هوای میکرده غم میبرد ز دل
 گفتا خوش آن کسان که دلی شادمان کنند
 گفتم شراب و خرقه نه آیین مذهبست
 گفت این عمل بمذهب پیر مغان کنند
 گفتم ز لعل نوش لبان پیر را چه سود
 گفتا ببوسه شکرینش جوان کنند
 گفتم که خواجه کی بسر حبله میروود
 گفت آنزمان که مشتری و مه قران کنند
 گفتم دعای دولت او ورد حافظ است
 گفت این دعا ملائک هفت آسمان کنند

ساقی حدیث سرو و گل و لاله می‌رود
 وین بحث با ثلاثه غساله می‌رود
 می‌ده که نو عروس چمن حد حسن یافت
 کار این زمان ز صنعت دلّاله می‌رود
 شکر شکن شوند همه طوطیان هند
 زین قند پارسی که به بنگاله می‌رود
 طیّ مکان بین و زمان در سلوک شعر
 کاین طفل یکشبه ره یکساله می‌رود
 آن چشم جادوانه عابد فریب بین
 کش کاروان سحر ز دنباله می‌رود
 از ره مرو بعشوه دنیا که این عجز
 مگاره می‌نشیند و محتاله می‌رود
 باد بهار می‌وزد از گلستان شاه
 وز ژاله باده در قدح لاله می‌رود
 حافظ ز شوق مجلس سلطان غیاث دین
 غافل مشو که کار تو از ناله می‌رود

کنون که در چن آمد گل از عدم بوجود
بنفشه در قدم او نهاد سر بسجود

بنوش جام صبوحی بناله دف و چنگ
ببوس غنغب ساقی بنغمه فی وعود

بدور گل منشین بی شراب و شاهد و چنگ
که همچو روز بقا هفته بود معدود

شد از خروج ریاحین چو آسمان روشن
زمین باختر میمون و طالع مسعود

ز دست شاهد نازک عذار عیسی دم
شراب نوش و رها کن حدیث عاد و نمود

جهان چو خلد برین شد بدور سوسن و گل
ولی چه سود که در وی نه ممکنست خلود

چو گل سوار شود بر هوا سلیمان وار
سحر که مرغ درآید بنغمه داود

بباغ تازه کن آیین دین زردشتی
کنون که لاله بر افروخت آتش نمرود

بخواه جام صبوحی بیاد آصف عهد
وزیر ملک سلیمان عماد دین محمود

بود که مجلس حافظ بیمن تربیتش
هر آنچه می طلبد جلد باشدش موجود

چو آفتاب می از مشرق بیاله برآید
 ز باغ عارض ساقی هزار لاله برآید
 نسیم در سر گل بشکند کلاله سنبل
 چو از میان چمن بوی آن کلاله برآید
 حکایت شب هجران نه آن حکایت حالست
 که شمه زیانش بصد رساله برآید
 ز گرد خوان نگون فلک طمع نتوان داشت
 که بی ملالت صد غصه يك نواله برآید
 بسی خود نتوان برد پی بگوهر مقصود
 خیال باشد کاین کار بی حواله برآید
 گرت چو نوح نبی صبر هست در غم طوفان
 بلا بگردد و کام هزار ساله برآید
 نسیم زلف تو چون بگذرد بترت حافظ
 ز خاک کالبدش صد هزار لاله برآید

دست از طلب ندارم تا کام من برآید
یا تن رسد بجانان یا جان ز تن برآید
بگشای تربتم را بعد از وفات و بنگر
کز آتش دروغم دود از کفن برآید
بنمای رخ که خلقی واله شوند و حیران
بگشای لب که فریاد از مرد و زن برآید
جان بر لبست و حسرت در دل که از لبانش
نگرفته هیچ کامی جان از بدن برآید
از حسرت دهانش آمد بتنگ جانم
خود کام تنگستان کی زان دهن برآید
گویند ذکر خیرش در خیل عشقبازان
هرجا که نام حافظ در انجمن برآید

دیگر ز شاخ سرو سهی بلبل صبور
 گلبانگ زد که چشم بد از روی گل بدور
 ای گل بشکر آنکه توئی پادشاه حسن
 با بلبلان بیدل شیدا مکن غرور
 از دست غیبت تو شکایت نمیکم
 تا نیست غیبتی نبود لذت حضور
 گر دیگران بعیش و طرب خرمند و شاد
 ما را غم نگار بود مایه سرور
 زاهد اگر بجز و قصورست امیدوار
 ما را شرابخانه قصورست و یار حور
 می خور بیانگ چنگ و مخور غصه و ر کسی
 گوید ترا که باده مخور گو هو الغفور
 حافظ شکایت از غم هجران چه میکنی
 در هجر وصل باشد و در ظلمتست نور

زهر هجری چشیده‌ام که می‌پرس	درد عشقی کشیده‌ام که می‌پرس
دلبری بر گزیده‌ام که می‌پرس	گشته‌ام در جهان و آخر کار
می‌رود آب دیده‌ام که می‌پرس	آنچنان در هوای خاک درش
سخنانی شنیده‌ام که می‌پرس	من بگوش خود از دهانت دوش
لب لعلی گزیده‌ام که می‌پرس	سوی من لب چه می‌گزی که مگر
رنجهایی کشیده‌ام که می‌پرس	بی تو در کلبه گدائی خویش
بمقامی رسیده‌ام که می‌پرس	همچو حافظ غریب در ره عشق

خوشا شیراز و وضع بی مثالش
 ز رکناباد ما صد لوحش الله
 میان جعفرآباد و مصلی
 بشیراز آی و فیض روح قدسی
 که نام قند مصری برد آنجا
 صبا زان لولی شنگول سرمست
 گر آن شیرین پسر خونم بریزد
 مکن از خواب بیدارم خدارا
 چرا حافظ چو می ترسیدی از هجر

خداوندا نگه دار از زوالش
 که عمر خضر می بخشد زلالش
 عبیر آمیز می آید شمالش
 بجوی از مردم صاحب کالش
 که شیرینان ندادند انفعالش
 چه داری آگهی چونست حالش
 دلا چون شیر مادر کن حالش
 که دارم خلوقی خوش با خیالش
 نکردی شکر ایام وصالش

۲۸ می بنوش

هاتفی از گوشه میخانه دوش
 لطف الهی بکند کار خویش
 این خرد خام بمیخانه بر
 گرچه وصالش نه بکوشش دهند
 لطف خدا بیشتر از جرم ماست
 کوش من و حلقه کیسوی یار
 رندی حافظ نه گناه است صعب
 داور دین شاه شجاع آنکه کرد
 ای ملک العرش مرادش بده

گفت بیخشد گنه می بنوش
 مؤده رحمت برساند سروش
 تا می لعل آوردش خون بجوش
 هر قدر ای دل که توانی بکوش
 نکته سر بسته چه گوئی نجوش
 روی من و خاک در میفروش
 با کرم پادشه عیب پوش
 روح قدس حلقه امزش بگوش
 وز خطر چشم بدش دار گوش

ببوی گلستان دی شدم در باغ
 که تا چو بلبل بیدل کنم علاج دماغ
 لوه گل سوری نگاه میکردم
 که بود در شب تیره بروشنی چو چراغ
 بنان بحسن و جوانی خویشتن مغرور
 که داشت از دل بلبل هزار گونه فراغ
 گشاده نرگس رعنا ز حسرت آب از چشم
 نهاده لاله ز سودا بجان و دل صد داغ
 زبان کشیده چو تیغی بسرزنش سوسن
 دهان گشاده شقایق چو مردم ایغاغ
 یکی چو باده پرستان صراحی اندر دست
 یکی چو ساقی مستان بکف گرفته ایاغ
 نشاط و عیش و جوانی چو گل غنیمت دان
 که حافظا نبود بر رسول غیر بلاغ

هزار دشمنم ار میکنند قصد هلاک

گرم تو دوستی از دشمنان ندارم باک

مرا اسید وصال تو زنده میدارد

و گر نه هر دم از هجر تست یم هلاک

نفس نفس اگر از باد نشنوم بویس

زمان زمان چو گل از غم کنم گریبان چاک

رود بخواب دو چشم از خیال نو هیهات

بود صبور دل اندر فراق تو حاشاک

اگر تو زخم زنی به که دیگری مرهم

و گر تو زهر دهی به که دیگری تریاک

بضرب سیفک قتلی حیاتنا ابدا

لأنّ روحی قد طاب أن یکون فداک

عنان مپیچ که گر میزنی بشمشیرم

سپر کنم سر و دستت ندارم از قتراک

ترا چنانکه توئی هر نظر بجا بیند

بقدر دانش خود هر کسی کند ادراک

بچشم خلق عزیز جهان شود حافظ

که بر در تو نهی روی مسکنت بر خاک

عشقبازی و جوانی و شراب لعل قام
 مجلس انس و حریف همدم و شرب مدام
 ساقی شکردهان و مطرب شیرین سخن
 همنشینی نیک کردار و ندیمی نیکنام
 ساهدی از لطف و پاکی رشک آب زندگی
 دلبری در حسن و خوبی غیرت ماه تمام
 بزمگاهی دلنشان چون قصر فردوس برین
 گلشنی بیرامنش چون روضه دار السلام
 صف نشینان نیکخواه و بیشکاران با ادب
 دوستداران صاحب اسرار و حریفان دوستکام
 باده گلرنگ تلخ تیز خوشخوار سبک
 نقلش از لعل نگار و نقلش از یاقوت خام
 غمزه ساقی بیغمای خرد آهخته تیغ
 زلف جانان از برای صید دل گسترده دام
 نکته دانی بذله گو چون حافظ شیرین سخن
 بخشش آموزی جهان افروز چون حاجی قوام
 هر که این عشرت نخواهد خوشدلی بر وی تباه
 وانکه این مجلس نجوید زندگی بر وی حرام

مژده وصل تو کو کز سر جان برخیزم

طایر قدسم و از دام جهان برخیزم

بولای تو که گر بنده خویشم خوانی

از سر خواجگی کون و مکان برخیزم

یا رب از ابر هدایت برسان بارانی

بیشتر زانکه چو گردی ز میان برخیزم

بر سرتربت من با می و مطرب بنشین

تا ببویت ز لحد رقص کنان برخیزم

خیز و بالا بنما ای بت شیرین حرکات

کز سر جان و جهان دست فشان برخیزم

گر چه پیرم توشبی تنگ در آغوشم کش

تا سرگه ز کنار تو جوان برخیزم

روز مرگم نفسی مهلت دیدار بده

تا چو حافظ ز سر جان و جهان برخیزم

در خرابات مغان نور خدا می بینم
 این عجب بین که چو نوری ز کجا می بینم
 جلوه بر من مفروش ای ملک الحاج که تو
 خانه می بینی و من خانه خدا می بینم
 خواهم از زلف بتان نافه گشائی کردن
 فکر دورست همانا که خطا می بینم
 سوز دل اشک روان آه سحر ناله شب
 این همه از نظر لطف شما می بینم
 هر دم از روی تو نقشی زنده راه خیال
 با که گویم که درین پرده چها می بینم
 کس ندیدست ز مشک ختن و نافه چین
 آنچه من هر سر از باد صبا می بینم
 دوستان عیب نظربازی حافظ مکنید
 که من اورا ز محبان شما می بینم

بگذار تا ز شارع میخانه بگذریم

کز بهر جرعه همه محتاج این دریم

روز نخست چون دم رندی زدیم و عشق

شرط آن بود که جز ره آن شیوه نسپریم

جائی که تخت و مسند جم میرود بیاد

گر غم خوریم خوش نبود به که می خوریم

تا بو که دست در کمر او توان زدن

در خون دل نشسته چو یاقوت اهریم

واعظ مکن نصیحت شوریدگان که ما

با خاك کوی دوست بفردوس ننگریم

چون صوفیان بحالت و رقصند مقتدا

ما نیز هم بشعبده دستی برآوریم

از جرعه تو خاك زمین در و لعل یافت

بیچاره ما که پیش تو از خاك کتریم

حافظ چو ره بکنگره کاخ وصل نیست

با خاك آستانه این در بسر بریم

دوستان وقت گل آن به که بعشرت کوشیم
 سخن اهل دلست این و بجان بنیوشیم
 نیست در کس کرم و وقت طرب میگذرد
 چاره آنست که سجاده بمی بفروسیم
 خوش هواییست فرح بخش خدایا بفرست
 نازنینی که برویش می گلگون نوشیم
 ارغنون ساز فلک رهزن اهل هنرست
 چون ازین غصّه ننالیم و چرا نخروشیم
 گل بجوش آمد و از می نزدیمش آبی
 لاجرم زاتش حرمان و هوس می جوشیم
 می کشیم از قلع لاله شرابی موهوم
 چشم بد دور که بی مطرب و می مدهوشیم
 حافظ این حال عجب با که توان گفت که ما
 بلبانیم که در موسم گل خاموشیم

شاه شمشاد قدان خسرو شیرین دهنان
 که بمژگان شکند قلب همه صف شکنان
 مست بگذشت و نظر بر من درویش انداخت
 گفت ای چشم و چراغ همه شیرین سخنان
 تا کی از سیم و زرت کیسه تهی خواهد بود
 بنده من شو و بر خور ز همه سیم تنان
 کمتر از ذره نه پست مشو مهر بورز
 تا بخلوتگه خورشید رسی چرخ زنان
 بر جهان تکیه مکن و رقدی می داری
 شادی زهره جبینان خور و نازک بدان
 پیر پیمانه کش من که روانش خوش باد
 گفت پرهیز کن از صحبت پیمان شکنان
 دامن دوست بدست آر و ز دشمن بگسل
 مرد یزدان شو و فارغ گذر از اهرمان
 با صبا در چمن لاله سحر میگفتم
 که شهیدان که اند این همه خونین کفنان
 گفت حافظ من و تو محرم این راز نه ایم
 از می لعل حکایت کن و شیرین دهنان

دانی که چیست دولت دیدار یار دیدن
 در کوی او گدائی بر خسروی گزیدن
 از جان طمع بریدن آسان بود ولیکن
 از دوستان جانی مشکل توان بریدن
 خواهم شدن بیستان چون غنچه با دل تنگ
 وانجا به نیک نامی پیراهنی دریدن
 که چون نسیم با گل راز نهفته گفتن
 که سر عشق بازی از بلبلان شنیدن
 بوسیدن لب یار اول ز دست مگذار
 کاخر ملول گردی از دست و لب گزیدن
 فرصت شمار صحبت کز این دو راهه منزل
 چون بگذریم دیگر نتوان بهم رسیدن
 کوئی برفت حافظ از یاد شاه یحیی
 یا رب بیادش آور درویش پروریدن

صبحست ساقیا قدحی پر شراب کن
 دور فلک درنگ ندارد شتاب کن
 زان پیشتر که عالم فانی شود خراب
 ما را ز جام باده گلگون خراب کن
 خورشید می ز مشرق ساغر طلوع کرد
 گر برگ عیش می‌طلبی ترك خواب کن
 روزی که چرخ از گل ما کوزها کند
 زنهار کاسه سر ما بر شراب کن
 ما مرد زهد و توبه و طامات نیستیم
 با ما بجام باده صافی خطاب کن
 کار صواب باده پرستیست حافظا
 برخیز و عزم جزم بکار صواب کن

مزرع سبز فلک دیدم و داس مه نو
 یادم از کشته خویش آمد و هنگام درو
 گفتم ای بخت بختیدی و خورشید دمید
 گفت با این همه از سابقه نومید مشو
 گر روی پاک و مجرد چو مسیحا بفک
 از چراغ تو بخورشید رسد صد پرتو
 تکیه بر اختر شب دزد مکن کاین عیار
 تاج کاووس ببرد و کر کیخسرو
 گوشوار زر و لعل ارچه گران دارد گوش
 دور خوبی گذرانست نصیحت بشتو
 چشم بد دور ز خال تو که در عرصه حسن
 بیدق راند که برد از مه و خورشید گرو
 آسمان گو مفروش این عظمت کاندر عشق
 خرمن مه بجوی خوشه پروین بدو جو
 آتش زهد و ریا خرمن دین خواهد سوخت
 حافظ این خرقه پشمینه بینداز و برو

عیشم مدامست از لعل دلخواه
ای بخت سرکش تنگش بیرکش
مارا برندی افسانه کردند
از دست زاهد کردیم توبه
جانا چه گویم شرح فراق
کافر بیناد این غم که دیدست
شوق لبث برد از یاد حافظ

کارم بکاست الحمد لله
گه جام زرکش گه لعل دلخواه
پیران جاهل شیخان گمراه
وز فعل عابد استغفر الله
چشمی و صد غم جانی و صد آه
از قامت سرو از عارضت ماه
درس شبانه ورد سرگاه

سرگاهان که مخمور شبانه
نهادم عقل را ره توشه از می
نگار می فروشم عشوه داد
ز ساقی کان ابرو شنیدم
نبندی زان میان طریفی کروار
برو این دام بر مرغی دگر نه
که بندد طرف وصل از حسن شاهی
ندیم و مطرب و ساقی همه اوست
بده کشتی می تا خوش برانیم
وجود ما معنائیست حافظ

گرفتم باده با چنگ و چغانه
ز شهر هستیش کردم روانه
که ایمن گشتم از مکر زبانه
که ای تیر ملامت را نشانه
اگر خود را بینی در میانه
که عنقارا بلندست آشیانه
که با خود عشق بازد جاودانه
خیال آب و گل در ره بهانه
ازین دریای ناپیدا کرانه
که تحقیقش فسونست و فسانه

<p>که حقّ صحبت دیرینه داری از آن گوهر که در گنجینه داری تو کز خورشید و مه آینه داری که با حکم خدائی کینه داری تو دانی خرقهٔ پشمینه داری خدارا گرمی دوشینه داری بقرائی که اندر سینه داری</p>	<p>یا با ما مورز این کینه داری نصیحت گوش کن کاین دُرسی به ولیکن کی نمائی رخ برندان بد رندان مگوای شیخ و هش دار نمی ترسی ز آه آتشینم بفریاد خمار مفلسان رس ندیدم خوشتر از شعر تو حافظ</p>
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<p>گر ترا عشق نیست معذوری که بعقل عقیده مشهوری رو که تو مست آب انگوری عاشقانرا دوای رنجوری ساغر می طلب که مخموری</p>	<p>ای که دایم بخویش مغروری گرد دیوانگان عشق مگرد مستی عشق نیست در سر تو روی زردست و آه درد آلود بگذر از نام و ننگ خود حافظ</p>
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رقم بباغ صبحدمی تا چمن گلی
 آمد بگوش ناگهم آواز بلبلی
 مسکین چو من بعشق گلی گشته مبتلا
 و اندر چمن فکنده ز فریاد غلغلی
 میگشتم اندر آن چمن و باغ دسبدم
 میکردم اندر آن گل و بلبل تأملی
 گل یار حسن گشته و بلبل قرین عشق
 آنرا تفضلی نه و این را تبدلی
 چون کرد در دلم اثر آواز عندلیب
 گشتم چنانکه هیچ نماندم تحلی
 بس گل شکفته می شود این باغ را ولی
 کس بی بلای خار نچیدست ازو گلی
 حافظ مدار امید فرج از مدار چرخ
 دارد هزار عیب و ندارد تفضلی

نسیم صبح سعادت بدان نشان که تو دانی
 گذر بکوی فلان کن در آن زمان که تو دانی
 تو پیک خلوت رازی و دیده بر سر راحت
 بمردمی نه بفرمان چنان بران که تو دانی
 بگو که جان عزیزم زدست رفت خدا را
 ز لعل روح فزایش بیخش آن که تو دانی
 من این حروف نوشتم چنانکه غیر ندانست
 تو هم ز روی کرامت چنان بخوان که تو دانی
 خیال تیغ تو با ما حدیث تشنه و آبست
 اسیر خویش گرفتی بکش چنان که تو دانی
 اسید در کر ز رکشت چگونه ببندم
 دقیقه ایست نگارا در آن میان که تو دانی
 یکسبب ترکی و تازی درین معامله حافظ
 حدیث عشق بیان کن بدان زبان که تو دانی

بیا ساقی آن می که حال آورد	کرامت فزاید کمال آورد
به من ده که بس بیدل افتاده ام	وز این هر دو بی حاصل افتاده ام
بیا ساقی آن می که ز او جام جم	زند لاف بینائی اندر عدم
به من ده که گردم به تأیید جام	چو جم آگه از سر عالم تمام

بیا ساقی آن کیمیای فتوح
بده تا به رویت گشایند باز
بیا ساقی آن می که عکسش ز جام
بده تا بگویم به آواز نی
دم از سیر این دیر دیرینه زن
همان مرحله است این بیابان دور
همان منزل است این جهان خراب
کجا رفت پیران لشکر کشش

بیا ساقی آن بکر مستور مست
به من ده که بدنام خواهم شدن
بیا ساقی آن آب اندیشه سوز
بده تا روم بر فلک شیرگیر
بیا ساقی آن می که حور بهشت
بده تا بخوری در آتش کنم
بیا ساقی آن می که شاهی دهد
به من ده مگر گردم از عیب پاک
چو شد باغ روحانیان مسکنم
شرابم ده و روی دولت بین
من آنم که چون جام گیرم به دست
به مستی دم از پارسائی زخم
که حافظ چو مستانه سازد سرود

که با گنج قارون دهد عمر توح
در کامرانی و عمر دراز
به کی خسرو و جم فرستد سلام
که جمشید کی بود و کاووس کی
صلائی به شاهان پیشینه زن
که گم شد در او لشکر سلم و تور
که دیده است ایوان افراسیاب
کجا شیده آن ترك خنجر کشش

که اندر خرابات دارد نشست
خراب می و جام خواهم شدن
که گر شیر نوشد شود پیشه سوز
به هم بر دهم دام این گرگ پیر
عبیر ملایک در آن می سرشت
دماغ خرد تا ابد خوش کنم
به پائی او دل گواهی دهد
بر آرم به عشرت سراز این مغاک
در اینجا چرا تخته بند تم
خرابم کن و گنج حکمت بین
بینم در آن آینه هرچه هست
در خسروی در گدائی زخم
ز چرخش دهد رود زهره درود

الا ای آهوی وحشی، کجائی؟
 دو تنهارو، دو سرگردان بیکس
 بیا تا حال یکدیگر بدانیم
 که میبیم که این دشت مشوش
 که خواهد شد، بگوئید، ای حبیان
 مگر خضر مبارک پی در آید
 نکرد آن همدم دیرین مدارا
 چنین بیرحم زد زخم جدائی
 برفت و طبع خوشباشم حزن کرد
 مگر خضر مبارک پی تواند
 که فام لا تدرنی فردا آمد
 به لطفش گفت رند رهنشینی
 بیا دمی بنه گردانه داری
 ولی سیمرخ میباید شکارم
 که از ما بینشان است آشیانش
 که خورشید غنی شد کیسه پرداز!
 ز بال سرو میکن دیده بانی
 نم اشگی و با خود گفتگوئی
 موافق گرد با ابر بهاران
 مدد بخشش ز آب دیده خویش
 چو آن سرو سهی شد کاروانی
 لب سرچشمهئی و طرف جوئی
 به یاد رفتگان و دوستداران
 چو نالان آیدت آب روان پیش

مده جام می و پای گل از دست
رفیقان، قدر یکدیگر بدانید
مقالات نصیحتگو همین است

چو ماهی کلک آرم به تقریر
روان را با خرد درم سرشتم
فرحبخشی در این ترکیب پیدا است
بیا وز نکهت این طیب امید
که این نافه ز چین جیب حور است

ولی غافل مباش از دهر بدست
چو معلوم است شرح، از بر بخوانید
که حکم انداز هجران در کین است

تو از نون والقلم میپرس تفسیر
وازان، تخمی که حاصل بود، کشتم
که مغز شعر نغزش جان اجزا است
مشام جان معطر ساز جاوید
نه ز آن آهو که از مردم نفور است!

۴۸ فتنه روزگار

سر فتنه دارد دگر روزگار
همیدارم از دور گردون شگفت
و گر پیر مغ آتشی میزند
فریب جهان قصه روشن است
در این خونفشان عرصه رستخیز

من و مستی و فتنه چشم یار
ندانم که را خاک خواهد گرفت
ندانم چراغ که بر میکند
سحر تا چه زاید شب آبستن است
تو خون صراحی به ساغر بریز

بر سر بازار جانبازان منادی میزند
 بشنوید ای ساکنان کوی رندی بشنوید
 دختر رز چند روزی شد که از ما گم شدست
 رفت تا گیرد سر خود هان و هان حاضر شوید
 جامه دارد ز لعل و نیم تاجی از حباب
 عقل و دانش برد و سند تا ایمن از وی نغنوید
 هر که آن تلخ دهد حلوا بها جانش دهم
 ور بود پوشیده و پنهان بدوزخ در روید
 دختری شب گرد تند تلخ گلرنگست و مست
 گر بیابیدش بسوی خانه حافظ برید

۵۰ اسمعیل

مجد دین سرور و سلطان قضات اسمعیل
 که زدی کلاک زبان آورش از شرع نطق
 ناف هفته بد و از ماه رجب کاف و الف
 که برون رفت ازین خانه بی نظم و نسق
 کنف رحمت حق منزل او دان وانگه
 سال تاریخ وفاتش طلب از رحمت حق

'TRANSLATIONS

1 LOVE'S AWAKENING

1

Ho, saki, haste, the beaker bring,
Fill up, and pass it round the ring;
Love seemed at first an easy thing—
But ahl the hard awakening.

2

So sweet perfume the morning air
Did lately from her tresses bear,
Her twisted, musk-diffusing hair—
What heart's calamity was there!

Within life's caravanserai
What brief security have I,
When momentarily the bell doth cry,
"Bind on your loads; the hour is night!"

3

Let wine upon the prayer-mat flow,
An if the taverner bids so;
Whose wont is on this road to go
Its ways and manners well doth know.

4

Mark now the mad career of me,
From wilfulness to infamy;
Yet how conceal that mystery
Whereof men make festivity?

A mountain sea, moon clouded o'er,
And nigh the whirlpool's awful roar—
How can they know our labour sore
Who pass light-burthened on the shore?

5

Hafiz, if thou wouldst win her grace,
Be never absent from thy place;
When thou dost see the well-loved face,
Be lost at last to time and space.

A. J. A.

2 WHERE IS THE PIOUS DOER?

Where is the pious doer? and I the estray'd one, where?
Behold how far the distance, from his safe home to here!

Dark is the stony desert, trackless and vast and dim,
Where is hope's guiding lantern? Where is faith's star so fair?

My heart fled from the cloister, and chant of monkish hymn,
What can avail me sainthood, fasting and punctual prayer?

What is the truth shall light me to heaven's strait thoroughfare?
Whither, O heart, thou hastest? Arrest thee, and beware!

See what a lone adventure is thine unending quest!
Fraught with what deadly danger! Set with what unseen snare!

Say not, O friend, to Hafez, "Quiet thee now and rest!"
Calm and content, what are they? Patience and peace, O where?

ELIZABETH BRIDGES (ELIZABETH DARYUSH)

Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
 And bid these arms thy neck infold;
 That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
 Would give thy poet more delight
 Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
 Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
 And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
 Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
 Tell them, their Eden cannot show
 A stream so clear as Roenabad,
 A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
 Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
 Their dear destructive charms display;
 Each glance my tender breast invades,
 And robs my wounded soul of rest,
 As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
 Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
 New lustre to those charms impart?
 Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
 Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
 Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate: ah! change the theme,
 And talk of odours, talk of wine,
 Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
 'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
 To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
 Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
Than even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy:
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While music charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

SIR WILLIAM JONES

4 FRIENDLY ZEPHYR

Go, friendly Zephyr! whisp'ring greet
Yon gentle fawn with slender feet;
Say that in quest of her I rove
The dangerous steeps, the wilds of love.

Thou merchant who dost sweetness vend
(Long may kind heav'n thy life defend!)
Ah, why unfriendly thus forget
Thy am'rous sweet-billed parroquet?

Is it, O rose! thy beauty's pride
That casts affection far aside,
Forbidding thee to court the tale
Of thy fond mate, the nightingale?

I know not why 'tis rare to see
The colour of sincerity
In nymphs who boast majestic grace,
Dark eyes, and silver-beaming face.

What tho' that face be angel fair,
One fault does all its beauty marr;
Nor faith, nor constancy adorn
Thy charms, which else might shame the morn.

By gentle manners we control
The wise, the sense-illumin'd soul:
No idle lure, no glitt'ring bait
Th' experienc'd bird will captivate.

What wonder, Hafer, that thy strain,
Whose sounds enchant th' ethereal plain,
Should tempt each praver star to move
In dances with the star of love?

J. NOTT

5 SPRING SONG

O Zephyr, whilst you waft your gentle gale,
Fraught with the fragrance of Arabia's groves,
Breathe my soft wishes through yon blooming vale,
Tell charming Leila how her poet loves!

O! for one heavenly glance from that dear maid,
How would my raptur'd heart with joy rebound;
Down to her feet I'd lowly bend my head,
And with my eyebrows sweep the hallow'd ground.

Could those stern fools who steal religion's mask,
And rail against the sweet delights of love,
Fair Leila see, no paradise they'd ask,
But for her smiles renounce the joys above.

Trust not in fortune, vain deluded charm!
Whom wise men shun, and only fools adore.
Oft, whilst she smiles, Fate sounds the dread alarm,
Round flies her wheel; you sink to rise no more.

Ye rich and great, why rear those princely domes?
Those heaven-aspiring towers why proudly raise?
Lo! whilst triumphant all around you blooms,
Death's awful angel numbers out your days.

Sweet tyrant, longer in that flinty breast
Lock not thy heart, my bosom is its throne;
There let the charming flutt'rer gently rest;
Here feast on joys to vulgar souls unknown.

But ah! what means that fiercely-rolling eye,
Those pointed locks which scent the ambient air;
Now my fond hopes in wild disorder fly,
Low droops my love, a prey to black despair.

Those charming brows, arch'd like the heavenly bow,
Arm not, O gentle maid, with such disdain;
Drive not a wretch, already sunk full low,
Hopeless to mourn his never-ceasing pain.

But to the fair no longer be a slave;
Drink, Hafez! revel, all your cares unbend,
And boldly scorn the mean dissembling knave
Who makes religion every vice defend!

J. RICHARDSON

6 THE HOUSE OF HOPE

The house of hope is built on sand,
And life's foundations rest on air;
Then come, give wine into my hand,
That we may make an end of care.

Let me be slave to that man's will
Who 'neath high heaven's turquoise bowl
Hath won and winneth freedom still
From all entanglement of soul;

Save that the mind entangled be
With her whose radiant loveliness
Provoking love and loyalty
Relieves the mind of all distress.

Last night as toping I had been
In tavern, shall I tell to thee
What message from the world unseen
A heavenly angel brought to me?

"Falcon of sovereign renown,
High-nesting bird of lofty gaze,
This corner of affliction town
Befits thee ill, to pass thy days.

"Hearest thou not the whistle's call
From heaven's rampart shrills for thee?
What chanced I cannot guess at all
This snare should now thy prison be."

Heed now the counsel that I give,
And be it to thy acts applied;
For these are words I did receive
From him that was my ancient guide.

"Be pleased with what the fates bestow,
Nor let thy brow be furrowed thus;
The gate to freedom here below
Stands not ajar to such as us."

Look not to find fidelity
Within a world so weakly stayed;
This ancient crone, ere flouting thee,
A thousand bridegrooms had betrayed.

Take not for sign of true intent
Nor think the rose's smile sincere;
Sweet, loving nightingale, lament:
There is much cause for weeping here.

What envying of Hafiz' case,
Poor poetaster, dost thou moan?
To make sweet music, and to please,
That is a gift of God alone.

A. J. A.

7 WILD OF MIEN

Wild of mien, chanting a love-song, cup in hand, locks disarrayed,
Cheek beflushed, wine-overcome, vesture awry, breast displayed.
With a challenge in that eye's glance, with a love-charm on the lip,
Came my love, sat by my bedside in the dim midnight shade:
O'er my ear bending, my love spake in a sad voice and a low,
"Is it thus, spite of the old years, lover mine, slumber-bewrayed?"
To the wise comes there a cup, fired of the night, pressed to the lip;
An he bow not to the Wine Creed, be he writ Love's renegade.
Go thy way, saint of the cell, flout not the dreg-drainer again;
In the first hour of the world's birth was the high hest on us laid.

Whatsoe'er potion His hand pours in the bowl, that will we quaff,
Heady ferment of the Soul-world, or the grape-must unallayed.
Ah, how oft, e'en as with HAFIZ, hath the red smile of the vine
And the curled ringlet on Love's cheek a repentance unmade!

WALTER LEAF

8 RED ROSE

The rose has flushed red, the bud has burst,
And drunk with joy is the nightingale—
Hail, Sufis! lovers of wine, all hail!
For wine is proclaimed to a world athirst.
Like a rock your repentance seemed to you;
Behold the marvel! of what avail
Was your rock, for a goblet has cleft it in two!
Bring wine for the king and the slave at the gate
Alike for all is the banquet spread,
And drunk and sober are warmed and fed.
When the feast is done and the night grows late,
And the second door of the tavern gapes wide,
'The low and the mighty must bow the head
'Neath the archway of Life, to meet what . . . outside?
Except thy road through affliction pass,
None may reach the halting-station of mirth;
God's treaty: Am I not Lord of the earth?
Man sealed with a sigh: Ah yes, alas!
Nor with Is nor Is Not let thy mind contend;
Rest assured all perfection of mortal birth
In the great Is Not at the last shall end.
For Assaf's pomp, and the steeds of the wind,
And the speech of birds, down the wind have fled,
And he that was lord of them all is dead;
Of his mastery nothing remains behind.
Shoot not thy feathered arrow astray!
A bow-shot's length through the air it has sped,
And then . . . dropped down in the dusty way.

But to thee, oh Hafiz, to thee, oh Tongue
That speaks through the mouth of the slender reed,
What thanks to thee when thy verses speed
From lip to lip, and the song thou hast sung?

GERTRUDE BELL

9 MY BOSOM GRAC'D

My bosom grac'd with each gay flow'r,
I grasp the bowl, my nymph in glee;
The monarch of the world this hour,
Is but a slave compar'd to me.

Intrude not with the taper's light,
My social friends, with beaming eyes;
Trundle around a starry night,
And lo! my nymph the moon supplies.

Away, thy sprinkling odours spare,
Be not officiously thus kind;
The waving ringlets of my Fair,
Shed perfume to the fainting wind.

My ears th' enlivening notes inspire,
As lute or harp alternate sound;
My eyes those ruby lips admire,
Or catch the glasses sparkling round.

Then let no moments steal away,
Without thy mistress and thy wine;
The spring flowers blossom to decay,
And youth but glows to own decline.

THOMAS LAW

Zephyr, should'st thou chance to rove
 By the mansion of my love,
 From her locks ambrosial bring
 Choicest odours on thy wing.

Could'st thou waft me from her breast
 Tender sighs to say I'm blest,
 As she lives! my soul would be
 Sprinkl'd o'er with ecstasy.

But if Heav'n the boon deny,
 Round her stately footsteps fly,
 With the dust that thence may rise,
 Stop the tears which bathe these eyes.

Lost, poor mendicant! I roam
 Begging, craving she would come:
 Where shall I thy phantom see,
 Where, dear nymph, a glimpse of thee?

Like the wind-tost reed my breast
 Fann'd with hope is ne'er at rest,
 Throbbing, longing to excess
 Her fair figure to caress.

Yes, my charmer, tho' I see
 Thy heart courts no love with me,
 Not for worlds, could they be mine,
 Would I give a hair of thine.

Why, O care! shall I in vain
 Strive to shun thy galling chain,
 When these strains still fail to save,
 And make Hafiz more a slave.

II DAWN

Thus spoke at dawn the field-bird to the newly wakened rose:
"Be kind, for many a bloom like you in this meadow grows."
The rose laughed: "You will find that we at truth show no
distress,

But never did a lover with harsh words his love so press.
If ruby wine from jewelled cup it is your wish to drink,
Then pearls and corals pierced with eyelash you must strive to link.
Love's savour to his nostrils to entice he ne'er can seek,
Who on the tavern's earthy floor has not swept dusty cheek."

In Iram's garden yesternight, when, in the grateful air,
The breeze of coming day stirred the tress of hyacinth fair,
I asked: "Throne of Jamshid, where is thy world-revealing cup?"
It sighed: "That waking fortune deep in sleep lies muffled up."
They are not always words of love that from the tongue descend:
Come, bring me wine, O taverner, and to this talk put end.
His wit and patience to the waves are cast by Hafiz' tears.
What can he do, that may not hide how love his being sears?

R. LEVY

12 LAPWING

Wind from the east, oh Lapwing of the day,
I send thee to my Lady, though the way
Is far to Saba, where I bid thee fly;
Lest in the dust thy tameless wings should lie,
Broken with grief, I send thee to thy nest,
Fidelity.

Or far or near there is no halting-place
Upon Love's road—absent, I see thy face,
And in thine ear my wind-blown greetings sound,
North winds and east waft them where they are bound,
Each morn and eve convoys of greeting fair
I send to thee.

Unto mine eyes a stranger, thou that art
A comrade ever-present to my heart,
What whispered prayers and what full meed of praise
I send to thee.

Lest Sorrow's army waste thy heart's domain,
I send my life to bring thee peace again,
Dear life thy ransom! From thy singers learn
How one that longs for thee may weep and burn;
Sonnets and broken words, sweet notes and songs
I send to thee.

Give me the cup! a voice rings in mine ears
Crying: "Bear patiently the bitter years!
For all thine ills, I send thee heavenly grace.
God the Creator mirrored in thy face
Thine eyes shall see, God's image in the glass
I send to thee.

"Hafiz, thy praise alone my comrades sing;
Hasten to us, thou that art sorrowing!
A robe of honour and a harnessed steed
I send to thee."

GERTRUDE BELL

13 SECRET DRAUGHT

The secret draught of wine and love repressed
Are joys foundationless—then come whate'er
May come, slave to the grape I stand confessed!
Unloose, oh friend, the knot of thy heart's care,
Despite the warning that the Heavens reveal!
For all his thought, never astronomer
That loosed the knot of Fate those Heavens conceal!

Not all the changes that thy days unfold
Shall rouse thy wonder; Time's revolving sphere
Over a thousand lives like thine has rolled.
That cup within thy fingers, dost not hear
The voices of dead kings speak through the clay
Kobad, Bahman, Djemshid, their dust is here,
"Gently upon me set thy lips!" they say.

What man can tell where Kaus and Kai have gone?
Who knows where even now the restless wind
Scatters the dust of Djem's imperial throne?
And where the tulip, following close behind
The feet of Spring, her scarlet chalice rears,
There Ferhad for the love of Shirin pined,
Dyeing the desert red with his heart's tears.

Bring, bring the cup! drink we while yet we may
To our soul's ruin the forbidden draught;
Perhaps a treasure-trove is hid away
Among those ruins where the wine has laughed!—
Perhaps the tulip knows the fickleness
Of Fortune's smile, for on her stalk's green shaft
She bears a wine-cup through the wilderness.

The murmuring stream of Ruknabad, the breeze
That blows from out Mosalla's fair pleasaunce,
Summon me back when I would seek heart's ease,
Travelling afar; what though Love's countenance
Be turned full harsh and sorrowful on me,
I care not so that Time's unfriendly glance
Still from my Lady's beauty turned be.

Like Hafiz, drain the goblet cheerfully
While minstrels touch the lute and sweetly sing,
For all that makes thy heart rejoice in thee
Hangs of Life's single, slender, silken string.

GERTRUDE BELL

That day of friendship when we met—Recall;
Recall those days of fond regret,

Recall.

As bitter poison grief my palate sours:
The sound: "Be it sweet!" at feasts of ours

Recall.

My friends, it may be, have forgotten long;
But I a thousand times that throng

Recall;

And now while fettered by misfortune's chain,
All those who grateful sought my gain

Recall.

Though thousand rivers from my eyes descend,
I Zindarud, where gard'ners tend,

Recall;

And crushed by sorrow that finds no relief,
Those who brought solace to my grief

Recall.

No more from ḤĀFIZ' lips shall secrets pass:
Those who once kept them, I, alas!

Recall.

H. BICKNELL

15 A MAD HEART

I

Long years my heart had made request
Of me, a stranger, hopefully
(Not knowing that itself possessed
The treasure that it sought of me),
That Jamshid's chalice I should win
And it would see the world therein.

That is a pearl by far too rare
To be contained within the shell
Of time and space; lost vagrants there
Upon the ocean's margin, well
We know it is a vain surmise
That we should hold so great a prize.

II

There was a man that loved God well;
In every motion of his mind
God dwelt; and yet he could not tell
That God was in him, being blind:
Wherefore as if afar he stood
And cried, "Have mercy, O my God!"

III

This problem that had vexed me long
Last night unto the taverner
I carried; for my hope was strong
His judgement sure, that could not err,
Might swiftly solve infallibly
The riddle that had baffled me.

I saw him standing in his place,
A goblet in his grasp, a smile
Of right good cheer upon his face,
As in the glass he gazed awhile
And seemed to view in vision clear
A hundred truths reflected there.

IV

"That friend who, being raised sublime
Upon the gallows, glorified
The tree that slew him for his crime,
This was the sin for which he died,
That, having secrets in his charge,
He told them to the world at large."

So spake he; adding, "But the heart
That has the truth within its hold
And, practising the rosebud's art,
Conceals a mystery in each fold,
That heart hath well this comment lined
Upon the margin of the mind.

"When Moses unto Pharaoh stood,
The men of magic strove in vain
Against his miracle of wood;
So every subtlety of brain
Must surely fail and feeble be
Before the soul's supremacy.

"And if the Holy Ghost descend
In grace and power infinite
His comfort in these days to lend
To them that humbly wait on it,
Theirs too the wondrous works can be
That Jesus wrought in Galilee."

V

"What season did the Spirit wise
This all-revealing cup assign
Within thy keeping?" "When the skies
Were painted by the Hand Divine
And heaven's mighty void was spanned,
Then gave He this into my hand."

"Yon twisted coil, yon chain of hair
Why doth the lovely Idol spread
To keep me fast and fettered there?"
"Ah, Hafiz!", so the wise man said,
"'Tis a mad heart, and needs restraint
That speaks within thee this complaint."

A. J. A.

16 CUP IN HAND

When my Beloved the cup in hand taketh
 The market of lovely ones slack demand taketh.
 I, like a fish, in the ocean am fallen,
 Till me with the hook yonder Friend to land taketh.
 Every one saith, who her tipsy eye seeth,
 "Where is a shrieve, that this fair firebrand taketh?"
 Lo, at her feet in lament am I fallen,
 Till the Beloved me by the hand taketh.
 Happy his heart who, like Hafiz, a goblet
 Of wine of the Prime Fore-eternal's brand taketh.

J. PAYNE

17 NOT ALL THE SUM OF EARTHLY HAPPINESS

Not all the sum of earthly happiness
 Is worth the bowed head of a moment's pain,
 And if I sell for wine my dervish dress,
 Worth more than what I sell is what I gain!
 Land where my Lady dwells, thou holdest me
 Enchained; else Fars were but a barren soil,
 Not worth the journey over land and sea,
 Not worth the toil!

Down in the quarter where they sell red wine,
 My holy carpet scarce would fetch a cup—
 How brave a pledge of piety is mine,
 Which is not worth a goblet foaming up!
 Mine enemy heaped scorn on me and said:
 "Forth from the tavern gate!" Why am I thrust
 From off the threshold? is my fallen head
 Not worth the dust?

Wash white that travel-stained sad robe of thine!
Where word and deed alike one colour bear,
The grape's fair purple garment shall outshine
Thy many-coloured rags and tattered gear.
Full easy seemed the sorrow of the sea
Lightened by hope of gain—hope flew too fast!
A hundred pearls were poor indemnity,
Not worth the blast.

The Sultan's crown, with priceless jewels set,
Encircles fear of death and constant dread;
It is a head-dress much desired—and yet
Art sure 'tis worth the danger to the head?
'Twere best for thee to hide thy face from those
That long for thee; the Conqueror's reward
Is never worth the army's long-drawn woes,
Worth fire and sword.

Ah, seek the treasure of a mind at rest
And store it in the treasury of Ease;
Not worth a loyal heart, a tranquil breast,
Were all the riches of thy lands and seas!
Ah, scorn, like Hafiz, the delights of earth,
Ask not one grain of favour from the base,
Two hundred sacks of jewels were not worth
Thy soul's disgrace!

GERTRUDE BELL

18 SLAVES

Slaves of thy shining eyes are even those
That diadems of might and empire bear;
Drunk with the wine that from thy red lip flows,
Are they that e'en the grape's delight forswear.
Drift, like the wind across a violet bed,
Before thy many lovers, weeping low,
And clad like violets in blue robes of woe,
Who feel thy wind-blown hair and bow the head.

Thy messenger the breath of dawn, and mine
A stream of tears, since lover and beloved
Keep not their secret; through my verses shine,
Though other lays my flower's grace have proved
And countless nightingales have sung thy praise.
When veiled beneath thy curls thou passest, see,
To right and leftward those that welcome thee
Have bartered peace and rest on thee to gaze!

But thou that knowest God by heart, away!
Wine-drunk, love-drunk, we inherit Paradise,
His mercy is for sinners; hence and pray
Where wine thy cheek red as red erghwan dyes,
And leave the cell to faces sinister.
Oh Khizr, whose happy feet bathed in life's fount,
Help one who toils afoot—the horsemen mount
And hasten on their way; I scarce can stir.

Ah, loose me not! ah, set not Hafiz free
From out the bondage of thy gleaming hair!
Safe only those, safe, and at liberty,
That fast enchained in thy linked ringlets are.
But from the image of his dusty cheek
Learn this from Hafiz: proudest heads shall bend,
And dwellers on the threshold of a friend
Be crownèd with the dust that crowns the meek.

GERTRUDE BELL

19 LAST NIGHT I DREAMED

Last night I dreamed that angels stood without
The tavern door, and knocked in vain, and wept;
They took the clay of Adam, and, methought,
Moulded a cup therewith while all men slept.
Oh dwellers in the halls of Chastity!
You brought Love's passionate red wine to me,
Down to the dust I am, your bright feet step.

For Heaven's self was all too weak to bear
The burden of His love God laid on it,
He turned to seek a messenger elsewhere,
And in the Book of Fate my name was writ.
Between my Lord and me such concord lies
As makes the Huris glad in Paradise,
With songs of praise through the green glades they flit.

A hundred dreams of Fancy's garnered store
Assail me—Father Adam went astray
Tempted by one poor grain of corn! Wherefore
Absolve and pardon him that turns away
Though the soft breath of Truth reaches his ears,
For two-and-seventy jangling creeds he hears,
And loud-voiced Fable calls him ceaselessly.

That, that is not the flame of Love's true fire
Which makes the torchlight shadows dance in rings,
But where the radiance draws the moth's desire
And sends him forth with scorched and drooping wings.
The heart of one who dwells retired shall break,
Rememb'ring a black mole and a red cheek,
And his life ebb, sapped at its secret springs.

Yet since the earliest time that man has sought
To comb the locks of Speech, his goodly bride,
Not one, like Hafiz, from the face of Thought
Has torn the veil of Ignorance aside.

GERTRUDE BELL

20 CONVERSATION

"Ah, when shall I to thy mouth and lips attain?"
"Fore God, but speak, for thy word is sovereign."
"'Tis Egypt's tribute thy lips require for fee."
"In such transaction the less the loss shall be."

"What lip is worthy the tip of thy mouth to hold?"
"To none but initiates may this tale be told."
"Adore not idols, but sit with the One, the True!"
"In the street of Love it is lawful both to do."

"The tavern's breath is balm to the spirit's smart."
"And blessed are they that comfort the lonely heart."

"No part of faith is the dervish cloak and the wine."
"Yet both are found in this Magian faith of mine."
"What gain can coral lips to an old man bring?"
"A honeyed kiss, and his youth's recovering."

"And when shall bridegroom come to the couch of the bride
"The morn that Moon and Jupiter stand allied."
"Still Hafiz prays for thy yet ascending might."
"So pray and praise the angels in heaven's height."

A. J.

21 SPRING

Cypress and Tulip and sweet Eglantine,
Of these the tale from lip to lip is sent;
Washed by three cups, oh Saki, of thy wine,
My song shall turn upon this argument.
Spring, bride of all the meadows, rises up,
Clothed in her ripest beauty: fill the cup!
Of Spring's handmaidens runs this song of mine.

The sugar-loving birds of distant Ind,
Except a Persian sweetmeat that was brought
To fair Bengal, have found nought to their mind.
See how my song, that in one night was wrought,
Defies the limits set by space and time!
O'er plains and mountain-tops my fearless rhyme,
Child of a night, its year-long road shall find.

And thou whose sense is dimmed with piety,
Thou too shalt learn the magic of her eyes;
Forth comes the caravan of sorcery
When from those gates the blue-veined curtains rise.
And when she walks the flowery meadows through,
Upon the jasmine's shamèd cheek the dew
Gathers like sweat, she is so fair to see!

Ah, swerve not from the path of righteousness
Though the world lure thee! like a wrinkled crone,
Hiding beneath her robe lasciviousness,
She plunders them that pause and heed her moan.
From Sinai Moses brings thee wealth untold;
Bow not thine head before the calf of gold
Like Samir, following after wickedness.

From the Shah's garden blows the wind of Spring,
The tulip in her lifted chalice bears
A dewy wine of Heaven's minist'ring;
Until Ghiyasuddin, the Sultan, hears,
Sing, Hafiz, of thy longing for his face.
The breezes whispering round thy dwelling-place
Shall carry thy lament unto the King.

GERTRUDE BELL

22 THE ROSE RETURNS

Returns again to the pleasaunce the rose, alive from the dead;
Before her feet in obeisance is bowed the violet's head.

The earth is gemmed as the skies are, the buds a zodiac band,
For signs in happy ascendant and sweet conjunction spread.

Now kiss the cheek of the Saki to sound of tabor and pipe,
To voice of viol and harp-string the wine of dawntide wed.

The rose's season bereave not of wine and music and love,
For as the days of a man's life her little week is fled.

The faith of old Zoroaster renews the garden again,
For lo, the tulip is kindled with fire of Nimrod red.

The earth is even as Eden, this hour of lily and rose;
This hour, alas! Not an Eden's eternal dwelling-stead!

The rose with Solomon rides, borne aloft on wings of the wind;
The bulbul's anthem at dawn like the voice of David is shed.

Fill high the bowl to our lord's name, 'Imād-ud-Din Mahmūd;
Behold King Solomon's Asaph in him incarnated.

Beyond eternity's bounds stretch the gracious shade of his might;
Beneath that shadow, O HAFIZ, be thine eternity sped.

WALTER LEAF

23 TULIPS

When from the goblet's eastern brim shall rise
The gladd'ning sun-beams of our sparkling wine;
To grace the maid, tulips of richest dyes
Shall on her cheek's empurpled garden shine.

The gale shall spread yon hyacinthine wreaths
O'er the warm bosom of the blushing rose;
When, scented by those locks, it softly breathes
From the sweet maze where many a flow'ret blows.

The night that parts a lover from his love,
Is fraught with such distress, such tender wail;
That scanty would an hundred volumes prove,
To register the fond, the mournful tale.

Be thine the steady patience, that sustain'd
The prophet Noah, when the deluge rose;
Then shall the wish of countless years be gain'd,
And joyful terminate thy lengthen'd woes.

The fav'rite hope, long foster'd in thy breast,
Thy single effort never will obtain:
The wish'd success on various aids must rest;
Without those aids thy own attempts are vain.

O, let not avarice tempt thy wild desires
To toil for wealth in fortune's glitt'ring mine!
Small is the pittance mortal man requires,
And trifling labour makes that pittance thine.

Should the sweet gales, as o'er thy tomb they play,
The fragraunce of the nymph's lov'd tresses bring;
Then, Haufez, shall new life inspire thy clay,
And ceaseless notes of rapture shalt thou sing.

J. NOTT

24 I CEASE NOT FROM DESIRE

I cease not from desire till my desire
Is satisfied; or let my mouth attain
My love's red mouth, or let my soul expire,
Sighed from those lips that sought her lips in vain.
Others may find another love as fair;
Upon her threshold I have laid my head,
The dust shall cover me, still lying there,
When from my body life and love have fled.

My soul is on my lips ready to fly,
But grief beats in my heart and will not cease,
Because not once, not once before I die,
Will her sweet lips give all my longing peace.
My breath is narrowed down to one long sigh
For a red mouth that burns my thoughts like fire;
When will that mouth draw near and make reply
To one whose life is straitened with desire?

When I am dead, open my grave and see
 The cloud of smoke that rises round thy feet:
 In my dead heart the fire still burns for thee;
 Yea, the smoke rises from my winding-sheet!
 Ah, come, Beloved! for the meadows wait
 Thy coming, and the thorn bears flowers instead
 Of thorns, the cypress fruit, and desolate
 Bare winter from before thy steps has fled.
 Hoping within some garden ground to find
 A red rose soft and sweet as thy soft cheek,
 Through every meadow blows the western wind,
 Through every garden he is fain to seek.
 Reveal thy face! that the whole world may be
 Bewildered by thy radiant loveliness;
 The cry of man and woman comes to thee,
 Open thy lips and comfort their distress!
 Each curling lock of thy luxuriant hair
 Breaks into barbèd hooks to catch my heart,
 My broken heart is wounded everywhere
 With countless wounds from which the red drops start.
 Yet when sad lovers meet and tell their sighs,
 Not without praise shall Hafiz' name be said,
 Not without tears, in those pale companies
 Where joy has been forgot and hope has fled.

GERTRUDE BELL

25 LIGHT IN DARKNESS

High-nesting in the stately fir,
 The enduring nightingale again
 Unto the rose in passionate strain
 Singeth: "All ill be far from her!
 "In gratitude for this, O rose,
 That thou the Queen of Beauty art,
 Pity the nightingales' mad heart,
 Be not contemptuous of those."

I do not rail against my fate
When thou dost hide thy face from me;
Joy wells not of propinquity
Save in the heart once desolate.

If other men are gay and glad
That life is joy and festival,
I do exult and glory all
Because her beauty makes me sad.

And if for maids of Paradise
And heavenly halls the monk aspires,
The Friend fulfils my heart's desires,
The Tavern will for heaven suffice.

Drink wine, and let the lute vibrate;
Grieve not; if any tell to thee,
"Wine is a great iniquity",
Say, "Allah is compassionate!"

Why, Hafiz, art thou sorrowing,
Why is thy heart in absence rent?
Union may come of banishment,
And in the darkness light doth spring.

A. J. A.

26 O ASK NOT

O love, how have I felt thy pain!

Ask me not how—

O absence, how I drank thy bane!

Ask me not how—

In quest, throughout the world I err'd,
And whom, at last, have I preferr'd?

O ask not whom—

In hope her threshold's dust to spy,
How streamed down my longing eye!

O ask not how—

Why bite my friends their lips, displeas'd?
Know they what ruby lip I seiz'd?

O ask not when—

But yester-night, this very ear
Such language from her mouth did hear—

O ask not what—

Like Hafiz, in love's mazy round,
My feet, at length, their goal have found,

O ask not where.

H. H.

27 SHIRAZ

Shiraz, city of the heart,
God preserve thee!
Pearl of capitals thou art,
Ahl to serve thee.

Ruknabad, of thee I dream,
Fairy river:
Whoso drinks thy running stream
Lives for ever.

Wind that blows from Ispahan,
Whence thy sweetness?
Flowers ran with thee as thou ran
With such fleetness,

Flowers from Jafarabad,
Made of flowers;
Thou for half-way house hast had
Musetta's bowers.

Right through Shiraz the path goes
Of perfection;
Any one in Shiraz knows
Its direction

Spend not on Egyptian sweets
 Shiraz money;
 Sweet enough in Shiraz streets
 Shiraz honey.
 East Wind, hast thou aught to tell
 Of my gipsy?
 Was she happy? Was she well?
 Was she tipsy?
 Wake me not, I pray thee, friend,
 From my sleeping;
 Soon my little dream must end;
 Waking's weeping.
 Hafiz, though his blood she spill,
 Right he thinks it;
 Like mother's milk 'tis his will
 That she drinks it.

R. LE GALLIENNE

28 RANG THROUGH THE DIM TAVERN

Rang through the dim tavern a voice yesterday,
 "Pardon for sins! Drinkers of wine, drink! Ye may!"
 Such was the word; hear the good news, Angel-borne;
 Mercy divine still to the end holds its way.
 Great are our sins; greater is God's grace than all;
 Deep are his hid counsels, and who says them nay?
 Bear her away, Reason the Dull, tavernwards,
 There shall the red wine set her pale veins a-play.
 Union with Him strife or essay forceth not;
 Yet, O my heart, e'en to the full, strive, essay.
 Still is my ear ringed of His locks ringleted,
 Still on the wine-threshold my face prone I lay.
 HAFIZ, awake! Topping no more counts for sin,
 Now that our Lord Royal hath put sins away.

WALTER LEAF

29 THE LESSON OF THE FLOWERS

'Twas morning, and the Lord of day
Had shed his light o'er Shiraz' towers,
Where bulbuls trill their love-lorn lay
To serenade the maiden flowers.

Like them, oppressed by love's sweet pain,
I wander in a garden fair;
And there, to cool my throbbing brain,
I woo the perfumed morning air.

The damask rose with beauty gleams,
Its face all bathed in ruddy light,
And shines like some bright star that beams
From out the sombre veil of night.

The very bulbul, as the glow
Of pride and passion warms its breast,
Forgets awhile its former woe
In pride that conquers love's unrest.

The sweet narcissus opes its eye,
A teardrop glistening on the lash,
As though 'twere gazing piteously
Upon the tulip's bleeding gash.

The lily seemed to menace me,
And showed its curved and quivering blade,
While every frail anemone
A gossip's open mouth displayed.

And here and there a graceful group
Of flowers, like men who worship wine,
Each raising up his little stoup
To catch the dewdrop's draught divine.

And others yet like Hebes stand,
Their dripping vases downward turned,
As if dispensing to the band
The wine for which their hearts had burned.

This moral it is mine to sing:
Go learn a lesson of the flowers;
Joy's season is in life's young spring,
Then seize, like them, the fleeting hours.

E. H. PALMER

30 HOPE

What though a thousand enemies propose
To slay me,
With thee my loving friend, how shall my foes
Affray me?

This is my hope of life, to hold thee nigh
To cherish;
Absent, it is my constant fear that I
Must perish.

(Each breath the breeze brings not to me her scent
I languish,
E'en as the mournful rose, whose robe is rent
In anguish.)

Shall slumber drowse my senses, and mine eyes
Not view thee?
Or, being far, my heart not agonize
To woo thee?

Better than others' balm, thy blade to endure
Doth please me;
Thy mortal poison, than another's cure
To ease me.

Slain by thy sword, eternal life is mine
To inherit;
To die for thee, were benison divine
Of spirit.

Swerve not thy steed; spare not thy lance's tip
Nor falter;
My head shall be thy mark, my hand yet grip
Thy halter.

(Yet how shall every sight attain to thy
True being?
For as the mind doth know, so much the eye
Hath seeing.)

All men shall say that Hafiz hath renown
Immortal,
Whene'er his head gaineth its dusty crown,
Thy portal.

A. J. A.

31 GIVE

Give, O Give love's sportful joys;
Youth, and all that youth employs;
Wine like rubies bright, and red;
And the board with dainties spread;
Gay associates, fond to join
In the cup of circling wine!

Give the handmaid's lip divine,
Blushing deeper than her wine;
Minstrels vers'd in tuneful art;
And the friend that's next our heart;
With the valued, chearful soul,
Drainer of the brim-full bowl!

Give the nymph, that's tender, kind,
Pure in heart, and pure in mind,

As th' unsullied fount that laves
Eden's banks with blissful waves,
And whose beauty sweetly bright
Shames the clear moon's full-orb'd light!

Give the festive hall, that vies
With our boasted Paradise;
Round it, breathing rich perfume,
Let refreshing roses bloom;
Such as, with unfading grace,
Deck the blest abode of peace!

Give companions, who unite
In one wish, and one delight;
Brisk attendants, who improve
All the joys of wine and love;
Friends who hold our secrets dear,
And the friend who loves good chear!

Give the juice of rosy hue,
Briskly sparkling to the view,
Richly bitter, richly sweet,
Such as will exhilarate:
While the fair-one's rubi'd lip
Flavours ev'ry cup we sip.

Give the girl, whose sword-like eye
Bids the understanding die,
Tempting mortals to their fate
With the goblet's smiling bait;
Damsels give with flowing hair,
Guileful as the hunter's snare!

Give, to spend the classic hour,
One deep-read in learned lore,
One, whose merry, tuneful vein
Flows like our gay poet's strain,
And whose open generous mind
Blesses and improves mankind!

Mortals, wilfully unwise,
Who these mirthful gifts despise,
Entertain no pleasing sense
Of voluptuous elegance:
Scarce of such can it be said,
That they differ from the dead.

J. NOTT

32 WHERE ARE THE TIDINGS OF UNION?

Where are the tidings of union? that I may arise—
Forth from the dust I will rise up to welcome thee!
My soul, like a homing bird, yearning for Paradise,
Shall arise and soar, from the snares of the world set free.
When the voice of thy love shall call me to be thy slave,
I shall rise to a greater far than the mastery
Of life and the living, time and the mortal span:
Pour down, oh Lord! from the clouds of thy guiding grace
The rain of a mercy that quickeneth on my grave,
Before, like dust that the wind bears from place to place,
I arise and flee beyond the knowledge of man.
When to my grave thou turnest thy blessed feet,
Wine and the lute thou shalt bring in thine hand to me,
Thy voice shall ring through the folds of my winding-sheet,
And I will arise and dance to thy minstrelsy.
Though I be old, clasp me one night to thy breast,
And I, when the dawn shall come to awaken me.
With the flush of youth on my cheek from thy bosom will rise.
Rise up! let mine eyes delight in thy stately grace!
Thou art the goal to which all men's endeavour has pressed,
And thou the idol of Hafiz' worship; thy face
From the world and life shall bid him come forth and arise!

GERTRUDE BELL

I

Within the Magian tayerne
 The light of God I see;
 In such a place, O wonder!
 Shines out such radiancy.

Boast not, O king of pilgrims,
 The privilege of thee:
 Thou viewest God's own Temple;
 God shews Himself to me.

2

Combed from the fair ones' tresses
 I win sweet musk to-day,
 But ah! the distant fancy
 That I should gain Cathay.

3

A fiery heart, tears flowing,
 Night's sorrow, dawn's lament—
 All this to me dispenses
 Your glance benevolent.

4

My fancy's way thine image
 Arresteth momentarily;
 Whom shall I tell, what marvels
 Within this veil I see?

Not all the musk of China,
 The scents of Tartary,
 Excel those subtle odours
 The dawn breeze wafts to me.

If Hafiz plays at glances,
 Friends, be not critical:
 For truly, as I know him,
 He truly loves you all.

A. J. A

34 DUST

Come, let us pass this pathway o'er
 That to the tavern leads;
 There waits the wine, and there the door
 That every traveller needs.

On that first day, when we did swear
 To tittle and to kiss,
 It was our oath, that we would fare
 No other way but this.

Where Jamshid's crown and royal throne
 Go sweeping down the wind,
 'Tis little comfort we should moan:
 In wine is joy to find.

Because we hope that we may bring
 Her waist to our embrace,
 Lo, in our life-blood issuing
 We linger in this place.

Preacher, our frenzy is complete:
 Waste not thy sage advice;—
 We stand in the Beloved's street,
 And seek not Paradise.

Let Sufis wheel in mystic dance
 And shout for ecstasy;
 We, too, have our exuberance,
 We, too, ecstasies be.

The earth with pearls and rubies gleams
Where thou hast poured thy wine;
Less than the dust are we, it seems,
Beneath thy foot divine.
Hafiz, since we may never soar
To ramparts of the sky,
Here at the threshold of this door
Forever let us lie.

A. J. A.

35 SEASON OF THE ROSE

The season comes, that breathes of joy,
In rosy garment drest;
Let mirth, my friends, your care employ;
O, hail the smiling guest!
Old-age now warns us to improve
The vernal hours with wine and love.
To the fond wishes of the heart
How few are gen'rous found!
And the sweet hours, which bliss impart,
Pass on in hasty round:
Then, for the wine I love so well,
My sacred carpet I will sell.
The gale, that smells of spring, is sweet;
But sweeter, should the fair,
With winning elegance replete,
Its grateful freshness share:
By her gay presence chear'd, we pass
With brisker glee the rosy glass.
Soft sweep the lyre of trembling strings;
'Twill fate's black rage suppress;
Fate o'er the child of merit flings
The mantle of distress:
Then let loud sorrow's wailing cry
Be drown'd in floods of melody.

With boiling passion's eager haste,
Comes forth the blushing rose;
Shall we not wine like water waste,
Soft dashing as it flows?
Now that our throbbing bosoms prove
The wild desires of hope, and love.

O Haufez! thy delightful lay,
That on the wild wind floats,
Resembles much, our poets say,
The nightingale's rich notes;
What wonder then, thy music flows
In the sweet season of the rose.

J. NOTT

36 MYSTERY

I

Monarch of firs that stately rise,
Of honeyed lips sole emperor,
The arrows of whose flashing eyes
Transfix the bravest conqueror—

Lately in wine as passing by
This lowly beggar he espied,
"O thou", he said, "the lamp and eye
Of such as make sweet words their pride!

"How long of silver and of gold
Shall thy poor purse undowered be?
Be thou my slave, and then, behold!
All silver limbs shall cherish thee.

"Art thou a mote, my little one?
Be not so humble: play at love!
And thou shalt whisper to the sun,
Whirling within its sphere above.

"Put not thy trust in this world's vows;
But if thou canst a goblet get,
Enjoy the arched and lovely brows,
The bodies soft and delicate!"

2

Then spake my elder of the bowl
(Peace to his spirit Allah grant!):
"Entrust not thy immortal soul
To such as break their covenant.
"Leave enemies to go their road;
Lay hold upon the Loved One's hem;
As thou wouldst be a man of God,
Such men are devils: heed not them."

3

I walked where tulips blossomed red,
And whispered to the morning breeze:
"Who are yon martyrs cold and dead,
Whose bloody winding-sheets are these?"
"Hafiz", he answered, "'tis not mine
Or thine to know this mystery;
Let all thy tale of ruby wine,
And sugar lips, and kisses be!"

A. J. A.

37 RAPTURE'S VISION

y, where is rapture's vision? Eyes on the Loved One bending,
ore high than kingly splendour, Love's fane as bedesman
tending.

ght 'twere, desire to sever forth'from the soul, but nathless
ul-friends depart asunder—there, there the pain transcending!
in in the garden budlike close-wrapped were I, thereafter
ail reputation's vestment bloomlike asunder rending;

Now like the zephyr breathing love-tales in roses' hearing,
 Now from the yearning bulbul love's myst'ry apprehending.
 While yet the hand availeth, sweet lips to kiss delay not;
 Else lip and hand thou bitest too late, when comes the ending.
 Waste not the hour of friendship; outside this House of Two
 Doors
 Friends soon shall part asunder, no more together wending.
 Clean out of mind of Sultan Mansūr hath HAFIZ wandered;
 Lord, bring him back the olden kind heart, the poor befriending.
WALTER LEAF

38 WINE WORSHIP

Saki, the dawn is breaking;
 Fill up the glass with wine.
 Heaven's wheel no delay is making—
 Haste, haste, while the day is thine!
 Ere to our final ruin
 Space and the world speed by,
 Let wine be our great undoing,
 Red wine, let us drink and die!
 See, on the bowl's horizon
 Wine, the red sun, doth rise:
 Here's glory to feast the eyes on—
 Drive sleep from thy languid eyes!
 When Fate on his wheel is moulding
 Jars from this clay of mine,
 Let this be the cup thou'rt holding
 And fill up my head with wine!
 Never was I a shrinker,
 No hypocrite monk am I;
 Let wine, the pure wine of the drinker
 Be the talk men address me by.

Wine is the sole salvation,
Its worship and works sublime;
Be firm thy determination,
Hafiz—be saved in time!

A. J. A.

39 HARVEST

In the green sky I saw the new moon reaping,
And minded was I of my own life's field:
What harvest wilt thou to the sickle yield
When through thy fields the moon-shaped knife goes sweeping?

In other fields the sunlit blade is growing,
But still thou sleepest on and takest no heed;
The sun is up, yet idle is thy seed:
Thou sowest not, though all the world is sowing.

Back laughed I at myself: All this thou'rt telling
Of seed-time! The whole harvest of the sky
Love for a single barley-corn can buy,
The Pleiads at two barley-corns are selling.

Thieves of the starry night with plunder shining,
I trust you not, for who was it but you
Stole Kawou's crown, and robbed great Kaikhosru
Of his king's girdle—thieves, for all your shining!

Once on the starry chess-board stretched out yonder
The sun and moon played chess with her I love,
And, when it came round to her turn to move,
She played her mole—and won—and can you wonder?

Ear-rings suit better thy small ears than reason,
Yet in their pink shells wear these words to-day:
"HAFIZ has warned me all must pass away—
Even my beauty is but for a season."

R. LE GALLIENNE

40 ALL MY PLEASURE

All my pleasure is to sip
Wine from my beloved's lip;
I have gained the utmost bliss—
God alone be praised for this.

Fate, my old and stubborn foe,
Never let my darling go:
Give my mouth the golden wine
And her lips incarnadine.

(Clerics bigoted for God,
Elders who have lost the road—
These have made a tale of us
"Drunken sots and bibulous.")

Let th' ascetic's life be dim,
I will nothing have of him;
If the monk will pious be,
God forgive his piety!)

Darling, what have I to say
Of my grief, with thee away,
Save with tears and scalding eyes
And a hundred burning sighs?

Let no infidel behold
All the bitterness untold
Cypress knows to see thy grace,
Jealous moon to view thy face.

It is yearning for thy kiss
That hath wrought in Hafiz this,
That no more he hath in care
Nightly lecture, matin prayer.

With last night's wine still singing in my head,
 I sought the tavern at the break of day,
 Though half the world was still asleep in bed;
 The harp and flute were up and in full swing,
 And a most pleasant morning sound made they;
 Already was the wine-cup on the wing.
 "Reason", said I, "'tis past the time to start,
 If you would reach your daily destination,
 The holy city of intoxication."
 So did I pack him off, and he depart
 With a stout flask for fellow-traveller.

Left to myself, the tavern-wench I spied,
 And sought to win her love by speaking fair;
 Alas! she turned upon me, scornful-eyed,
 And mocked my foolish hopes of winning her.
 Said she, her arching eyebrows like a bow:
 "Thou mark for all the shafts of evil tongues!
 Thou shalt not round my middle clasp me so,
 Like my good girdle—not for all thy songs!—
 So long as thou in all created things
 Seest but thyself the centre and the end.
 Go spread thy dainty nets for other wings—
 Too high the Anca's nest for thee, my friend."

Then took I shelter from that stormy sea
 In the good ark of wine; yet, woe is me!
 Saki and comrade and minstrel all by turns,
 She is of maidens the compendium
 Who my poor heart in such a fashion spurns.
 Self, HAFIZ, self! That must thou overcome!
 Harken the wisdom of the tavern-daughter!

Vain little baggage—well, upon my word!
Thou fairy figment made of clay and water,
As busy with thy beauty as a bird.

Well, HAFIZ, Life's a riddle—give it up:
There is no answer to it but this cup.

R. LE GALLIENNE

42 THE DRUNKARD

Come, vex me not with this eternal spite;
For old companionship demands its right.
Heed then my counsel, costlier and more rare
Than all the jewels in thy casket there.
Yet how to drunkards shall thy face be shown
That holds a mirror to the sun and moon?

Chide not the drunkard, greybeard; peace, be still;
Or wouldst thou quarrel with the Heavenly will?
Fearest thou not the fiery breath of me
Shall burn the woollen cassock circling thee?

Pour me the wine of yesternight again
To ease the throbbing of a bankrupt's brain.

Hafiz, thy songs of songs are loveliest;
I swear it, by the Scriptures in thy breast!

A. J. A.

43 MAN OF SELF

Man of Self, lifted up with endless pride,
We forgive thee—for Love to thee is denied.

Hover not round the raving lovers' haunts;
Take thy "Reason Supreme" for goal and guide!

What of Love's drunken frenzy knows that brain
That the grape's earthly juice alone hath plied?

Get a Moon-love, and teach thy heart to strive,
Though thy fame, like a sun, be spread world-wide.

• 'Tis the white face, the anguish-burdened sigh,
Tell the secrets the heart of love would hide.

Let the bowl clear the fumes that rack thy brain;
HAFIZ, drink deep, and name and fame be defied.

WALTER LEAF

44 ROSE AND NIGHTINGALE

I walked within a garden fair
At dawn, to gather roses there;
When suddenly sounded in the dale
The singing of a nightingale.

Alas, he loved a rose, like me,
And he, too, loved in agony;
Tumbling upon the mead he sent
The cataract of his lament.

With sad and meditative pace
I wandered in that flowery place,
And thought upon the tragic tale
Of love, and rose, and nightingale.

The rose was lovely, as I tell;
The nightingale he loved her well;
He with no other love could live,
And she no kindly word would give.

It moved me strangely, as I heard
The singing of that passionate bird;
So much it moved me, I could not
Endure the burden of his throat.

Full many a fair and fragrant rose
Within the garden freshly blows,
Yet not a bloom was ever torn
Without the wounding of the thorn.

Think not, O Hafiz, any cheer
To gain of Fortune's wheeling sphere;
Fate has a thousand turns of ill,
And never a tremor of good will.

A. J. A.

45 LOVE'S LANGUAGE

Breeze of the morning, at the hour thou knowest,
The way thou knowest, and to her thou knowest,

Of lovely secrets trusty messenger,
I beg thee carry this despatch for me;

Command I may not: this is but a prayer
Making appeal unto thy courtesy.

Speak thus, when thou upon my errand goest:

"My soul slips from my hand, so weak am I;
Unless thou heal it by the way thou knowest,
Balm of a certain ruby, I must die."

Say further, sweetheart wind, when thus thou blowest:

"What but thy little girdle of woven gold
Should the firm centre of my hopes enfold?

Thy legendary waist doth it not hold,
And mystic treasures which thou only knowest?"

Say too: "Thy captive begs that thou bestowest

The boon of thy swift falchion in his heart;

- A man for water thirst be to depart

By the most speedy way of death thou knowest.

"I beg thee that to no one else thou sharest

These words I send. In such a hidden way

That none but thou may rightly eke but I say:

Read them in some safe place as best thou mayest."

When in her heart these words of mine thou sowest
For HAFIZ, speak in any tongue thou knowest;
Turkish and Arabic in love are one—
Love speaks all languages beneath the sun.

R. LE GALLIENNE

46 SAKI SONG

— I

Come, saki, come, your wine ecstatic bring,
Augmenting grace, the soul's perfectioning;
Fill up my glass, for I am desperate—
Lo, bankrupt of both parts is my estate.

Bring, saki, bring your wine, and Jamshid's bowl
Shall therewith bear to view the vast void whole;
Pour on, that with this bowl to fortify
I may, like Jamshid, every secret spy.

Bring, saki, bring your alchemy divine
Where Korah's wealth and Noah's years combine;
Pour on, and there shall open forth to thee
The gates of fame and immortality.

Bring wine, O saki, and its image there
To Jamshid and Chosroes shall greeting bear;
Pour on, and to the pipe's note I shall say
How Jamshid fared, and Ka'us, in their day.

Sing of this old world's ways, and with your strings
Make proclamation to those ancient kings.
Still spreads the same far desert to be crossed
Where Salm and Tur their mighty armies lost;
Still stands the selfsame crumbling hostelry
Afrasiyab took his palace for to be.
Where now the captains that his armies led,
And where the sword-swift champion at their head?
High was his palace; ruin is its doom;
Lost now to memory his very tomb.

Bring, saki, bring your virgin chastely veiled,
 Your tavern-dweller drunkenly regaled;
 Fill up, for I am avid of ill fame,
 And seek in wine and bowl my utmost shame.

Bring, saki, bring such brain-enflaming juice
 As lions drink, and let wide havoc loose;
 Pour on, and lion-like I'll break the snare
 Of this old world, and rise to rule the air.

Bring wine, O saki, that the houris spice
 With angel fragrance out of Paradise;
 Pour on, and putting incense to the fire
 The mind's eternal pleasure I'll acquire.

Bring, saki, bring your throne-bestowing wine:
 My heart bears witness it is pure and fine;
 Pour on, that, shriven in the tide of it,
 I may arise triumphant from the pit.

Why must I yet the body's captive be,
 When spiritual gardens call to me?
 Give me to drink, till I am full of wine,
 Then mark what wisdom and what power are mine;
 Into my keeping let your goblet pass,
 And I will view the world within that glass;
 Intoxicate, of saintliness I'll sing,
 And in my beggar's rags I'll play the king.
 When Hafiz lifts his voice in drunken cheer,
 Venus applauds his anthem from her sphere.

A. J. A.

I

Whither fled, wild deer?
 I knew thee well in days gone by,
 When we were fast friends, thou and I;
 Two solitary travellers now,
 Bewildered, friendless, I and thou,
 We go our separate ways, where fear
 Lurks ambushed, front and rear.

Come, let us now enquire
 How each is faring; let us gain
 (If gain we may, upon this plain
 Of trouble vast, where pastures pure
 From fear secure
 Are not to find) the spirit's far desire.

2

Beloved friends, declare:
 What manner of man is there
 That shall the lonely heart befriend,
 That shall the desolate attend?
 Khizer, the heavenly guide,
 He of the footfall sanctified,
 Perchance he cometh, and shall bring
 In purpose deep and mercy wide
 An end of all my wayfaring.

3

'Twas little courtesy
 That ancient comrade shewed to me.
 Moslems, in Allah's name I cry!
 The pitiless blow he struck me by,

So pitiless, to strike apart
The cords that bound us heart to heart,
To strike as if it were
No love was ever there.

He went; and I that was so gay
To grief convert; was such the way
Brother should act with brother? Yea,
Khizer, the heavenly guide,
He of the footfall sanctified,
Haply the shadow of his gracious wing
Lone soul to lonely soul shall bring.

4

But surely this the season is
When of the bounty that is His
Allah dispenses; for I took
Lately this omen from the Book:
"Leave me not issueless!" the Prophet cried.

It happened on a day one sat beside
The road, a rare bold fellow; when there went
Upon that way a traveller intent
To gain the goal. Gently the other spake:
"What in thy scrip, Sir traveller, dost thou take?
If it be truly grain, come, set thy snare."
The traveller answered, "Grain indeed I bear;
But, mark this well, the quarry I would win
Shall be the Phoenix." "Certes, then how begin
The quest?" the other asked. "What sign has thou
To lead thee to his cyrie? Not till now
Have we discovered any mark to guide
Upon that quest. By what weight fortified
Shall our dire need those scales essay to hold
Wherein the sun hath cast his purse of gold?"

Sore that cypress tall and straight
 Joined the parting camel-train,
 By the cypress sit, and wait
 Watchful till he come again.
 Here, beside the bubbling spring
 Where the limpid river runs,
 Softly weep, remembering
 Those beloved departed ones.
 As each pallid ghost appears,
 Speak the tale of thy pain,
 While the shower of thy tears
 Mingles with the summer rain.
 And the river at thy feet
 Sadly slow, and full of sighs,
 Tributaries new shall meet
 From the fountains of thine eyes.

6

Give never the wine-bowl from thy hand,
 Nor loose thy grasp on the rose's stem;
 'Tis a mad, bad world that the Fates have planned—
 Match wit with their every stratagem!

Comrades, know each other's worth;
 And when ye have this comment lined
 Upon the margin of the mind,
 Recite the text by heart:
 So say the moralists of this earth;
 For lo, the archer ambushed waits,
 Th' unerring archer of the Fates,
 To strike old friends apart.

7

When I take pen in hand to write
 And thus my marshalled thoughts indite,
 By the Eternal Pen,
 What magic numbers then

Flow from my fingers, what divine
And holy words are mine!
For I have mingled Soul with Mind,
Whereof the issuing seed I have consigned
To music's fruitful earth;
Which compound brings to birth
(As having for its quintessential part
Of poesy the purest art)
Most gladsome mirth.

Then come, I bid thee; let this fragrant scent
Of fairest hope, and soft content,
Bear to thy soul delight eternal:
For verily the musk's sweet blandishment
Was sprinkled from the robe of sprites supernal;
It was not wafted here
From that wild, man-forsaking deer!

A. J. A.

48 THE TIMES ARE OUT OF JOINT

Again the times are out of joint; and again
For wine and the loved one's languid glance I am fain.
The wheel of fortune's sphere is a marvellous thing:
What next proud head to the lowly dust will it bring?
Or if my Magian elder kindle the light,
Whose lantern, pray, will blaze aflame and be bright?
'Tis a famous tale, the deceitfulness of earth;
The night is pregnant: what will dawn bring to birth?
Tumult and bloody battle rage in the plain:
Bring blood-red wine, and fill the goblet again!

A. J. A.

Send the criers round the market, call the royst'ers' band to hear,
Crying, "O yes! All ye good folk through the Loved One's
realm, give ear!

"Lost, a handmaid! Strayed a while since! Lost, the Vine's wild
daughter, lost!

Raise the hue and cry to seize her! Danger lurks where she is
near.

"Round her head she wears a foam-crown; all her garb glows
ruby-hued;

Thief of wits is she; detain her, lest ye dare not sleep for fear.

"Whoso brings me back the tart maid, take for sweetmeat all
my soul!

Though the deepest hell conceal her, go ye down, go hale her
here.

"She's a wastrel, she's a wanton, shame-abandoned, rosy-red;
If ye find her, send her forthright back to

HAFIZ, Balladier."

WALTER LEAF

50 ISMAIL

Ismail is dead, of men and cadis best:
His pen, like its great master, takes its rest.

Much wrote he of God's law, and lived it too—
Would I could say as much for me and you!

The middle of the week he went away—
The month of Rajab it was, and the eighth day.

In this uncertain dwelling ill at ease,
To a more ordered house he went for peace.
His home is now with God, and if you write
"The mercy of God", interpreting aright
The mystic letters standing side by side,
You then shall read the year when Ismail died.

R. LE GALLIENNE

NOTES

Metre: هـــــ | هـــــ | هـــــ | هـــــ.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 4 3 5 6 7. F 1 2 3 4 6 5 7. P as MQ.

1. First hemistich was stated by the Turkish commentator Sūdī (d. 1006/1598) to be a quotation (*taḍmīn*) from the Umayyad caliph-poet Yazīd b. Mu'āwiya (d. 64/683); and this statement has been accepted by most modern editors without question. But Mīrzā Muḥammad Qazvīnī in an article contributed to the Tehran periodical *Yādgar* (vol. 1, no. 9, pp. 69-78) argues cogently in rejection of the attribution.

2. For جعد F reads زلف. For the alternative interpretations of بیوی see WC, I, 2.

3. For منزل F reads مجلس. For جای RS + P read جای. The poet compares this world with the alighting-place (*manẓil*) of a caravan-train; every moment the bell of a camel departing from the caravanserai warns all other travellers that their lodgment there is only temporary, and that they too must soon be quitting this life.

4. The پیرِ مغان ("Magian elder") is the symbol of the man intimate with all the secrets of life; he knows by experience that reason is powerless to solve the ultimate riddle of the universe (cf. 3⁸), and that it is only the wine of unreason that makes life in this world a tolerable burden. For a fuller treatment of this theme, see no. 15. The terms *sālik* and *manāzil* belong to the technical vocabulary of the Ṣūfīs, see R. A. Nicholson, *The Mystics of Islam*, p. 28.

5. A fine description of the "dark night of the soul"; the imagery of the sea is more common in Persian mystical poetry than might have been expected of a people little given to seafaring. WC, I, 3 gives the usual interpretations of "the light-

burthened ones of the shores"; it seems more probable, however, that the poet is here referring, as so often, to the orthodox worshipper (whether ritualist or Šūfī) whose feet are firmly planted on his faith so that he has no comprehension of the agonies of the insatiably inquisitive soul.

6. For *کزو* P reads *کز آن*. It is the eternal affliction of the lover of God that he is constrained by the ecstasy of his emotion to reveal the secret that should remain hidden; so did Ḥallāj, who paid for his indiscretion upon the gallows, see 15⁸. The biography of the poet 'Irāqī offers an excellent illustration of this theme, see my *Song of Lovers*, pp. xv-xvi.

7. The pattern of the poem is completed by rounding it off, as it was begun, with a hemistich in Arabic.

AJA translates 1 2 3 4 6 5 7.

Other verse-translations by GB, JP, HB, RAN, JR, RG.

2

MQ 2, B 12, RS 12, P 5.

Metre: *مثنوی مخذوف* — — — | — — — | — — — | — — —.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 3 2 7 4 5 6 8. P 1 3 2 4 5 6 7 8.

1. By *ṣalāḥ* the poet clearly intends formal righteousness; he has abandoned the safe piety of the ritualist for the dissolute intoxication of unreason; so l. 3 expands the theme.
2. The cloister and penitential robes of the Šūfī are as unsatisfying and hypocritical to the true lover as the formal religion of the orthodox theologian and lawyer.
3. Listening to music was condemned by the orthodox as an unlawful pleasure, and many Šūfī sects agreed with this prohibition; cf. Tale 20 in chapter 2 of Sa'dī's *Gulistān* (my *Kings and Beggars*, pp. 84-6). The hearing of sermons on certain days was on the other hand a well-approved exercise, and many Šūfī books, e.g. the *Kitāb sittīn majālis* of 'Abd al-Qādir al-Jīlānī (d. 561/1166) are collections of such addresses.

4. The hearts of the enemies of God (the ritualists) are like extinguished candles, they do not blaze with the flame of love kindled by the contemplation of the Divine beauty. Cf. R. A. Nicholson's translation (*Eastern Poetry and Prose*, p. 173) of a fragment from Hāfiz:

"Of this fierce glow that Love and You
Within my breast inspire,
The Sun is but a spark that flew
And set the heavens afire!"

5. For بفرما P reads بفریاد. "The dust which collects on the tomb (of a saint) and the railing is considered to be sacred... It is carefully swept up and sold in small quantities to pilgrims, and when they are making the circumambulation of the tomb, those who have sore eyes will put their fingers through the railing, to get a bit of this dust and rub it on their eyes. It is used also to cure burns, or other wounds, and swellings; it is thought to possess the power to raise the dead and is often given to one in a swoon." B. A. Donaldson, *The Wild Rue*, p. 67.

6. The dimple in the chin of the Beloved is a pitfall for the unwary traveller; yet the desolation of unrequited love is a necessary condition of the pilgrim's progress.

7. "Love seemed at first an easy thing"; but the early rapture of discovery, the delirious joy of the Beloved's mocking glances and playful reproofs, was soon followed by the long sorrow of exile.

8. For خواب و P reads خواب.

EB translates (or rather paraphrases) 1 4 2-3 5 6 8. Other verse-translations by GB, JP, HB.

3

MQ 3, B 8, RS 8, F 2, P 6.

Metre: هزج مثنیٰ سالم ———|————|————|————.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 8 5 6 7 9. F 1 2 3 5 4 6 7 8 9.
P as MQ.

For a detailed discussion of this poem, see my article "Orient Pearls at Random Strung" in BSOAS, xi, 4 (1946).

1. The Shīrāzī Turk is a symbol of fair-skinned, youthful beauty; the Hindu (black mole) is in apposite contrast. Samarkand and Bokhara are the most famous cities of ancient Turkestan—an appropriate dowry for the Turk migrant to Persian Shiraz, for Ḥāfiẓ forever the loveliest of cities.

2. The blue waters of the Ruknābād and the red roses of the Muṣallā complete (with the ruby wine) the poet's colour-scheme, as do their melodious names his word-picture.

3. For *hīlīs* (gipsy singers) and the "Feast of Plunder", see GB, p. 151.

4. Self-sufficiency (*istighnā*) is the characteristic of the Divine beauty; God does not require our love, yet it is our overpowering need that we should love Him.

5. The story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife is a favourite symbol with the Persian poets of the mystic love; the foundation of the legend in the Qur'ān is found in Sūra XII, 23-54. Love for the Divine beauty lures the true lover from the chastity of formal faith to the infamy of helpless unreason.

6. For the first hemistich as given in the text, B + RS + F read *بدم گفتمی و خرسندم عفاك الله نكو گفتمی*, which is a *taḍmīn* from Sa'di. It seems probable that the variants represent the poet's own changes of mind, rather than any copyist's error.

7. The poet is addressing himself, rather than (as WJ and GB make out) the Shīrāzī Turk; the "wise old man" is the usual Magian elder. It is probably unsafe to conjecture from the mention of "happy youths" that this poem belongs to Ḥāfiẓ' early period; the phrase is used to balance the reference to the *pīr*; and the poem has all the marks of maturity.

8. An excellent statement of the poet's philosophy of unreason; *likmat* is the key-word—the intellect is powerless to fathom the mystery of life: in this particular context, the paradox of the cruel

self-sufficiency of beauty, drawing the lover out of the peace and safety of his formal faith and leading him onward through the wilderness of boundless suffering. Hence, his only consolation is to be found in the ecstasy of the experience of spiritual love.

9. Has this splendid close a *double entendre*—an appeal to the generosity of the hoped-for patron?

WJ translates 1 2 3 4 8 5 7 6 9.

Other verse-translations by GB, JP, HB, WL, RG, EGB, AJA.

4

MQ 4, B 9, RS 9, P 9.

Metre: $\text{و-و-و-} | \text{و-و-و-} | \text{و-و-و-} | \text{و-و-و-}$.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 6 3 4 5 7 * 8. P as MQ.

1. For a full treatment of the Wild Deer theme, see no. 47.
For عشق کوه P reads سر بکوه .

2. The "sugar-cracking parrot" is of course the poet.

3. For حسن B + RS + P read حسن . The rose is here (as frequently, cf. 44) a symbol of self-sufficient beauty; the nightingale of the helpless lover.

4. For بحسن خلق و لطف B + RS read بحسن خلق .

5. Cf. 47⁸.

7. The first hemistich is a *taḍmīn* from Sa'dī:

جز این قدر نتوان گفت بر جمال تو عیب

که مهربانی از آن طبع و خو نمی آید

B + RS add a line after this verse:

بشکر صحبت اصحاب و آشنائی بخت ییاد دار غربان دشت و صحارا

This, however, is merely an inferior doublet of verse 6.

8. For نه B + RS + P read چه . For سرود B + RS + P read سماع .

TL translates 1 2 3 5 7 4 8.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB, RG.

MQ 9, B 7, RS 7, P 8.

Metre: $\overline{\text{رمل}} \text{ مثنى مخبون محذوف } \text{---} | \text{---} | \text{---} | \text{---}$.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 5 6 8 7 9 * 10. P as MQ.

4. The "moon" is, of course, the face of the young beloved; the "polo-stick of pure ambergris", the curved black love-lock, sometimes compared with a dark cloud obscuring the radiant effulgence of the beloved's beauty; so, as here, bringing the lover to a distraction of grief and bewilderment.

5. For این P reads آن . For سرکار B + P read سر و کار . HB translates:

"I fear that tribe of mockers who topers' ways impeach,
Will part with their religion the tavern's goal to reach."

6. This obscure line (which the commentators explain variously) is omitted by JR. HB translates:

"To men of God be friendly: in Noah's ark was earth
Which deemed not all the deluge one drop of water worth."

He adds the note: "By 'earth' is to be understood Noah himself. Although he was a mortal, his sanctity caused him to be preserved from the Flood." RS explains similarly, adding that Noah did not fear the flood at all. Indian commentators see in *khākī* a reference to the doctrine of Muḥammad the Logos (*vide* R. A. Nicholson, *Studies in Islamic Mysticism*, p. 87), but this is surely far-fetched. The obscurity arises from the poet's desire to use the elegance of the two elements (earth and water) in a single line; for the mention of all four elements in two lines, see E. G. Browne, *Chahār Maqāla* (transl.), p. 47. Taking the line in its context, the poet appears to be referring to himself: though the troubled world without threatens to engulf every living thing in a flood of calamities, here is one man safely lodged in the ark of his defiant faith of unreason who fears not the uttermost catastrophe; therefore, O lovely one, befriend him, recalling that all the earth's

claims divine inspiration for his poetry—a claim repeated several times elsewhere, as in 47²⁸.

5. It is only in the intoxication of the vision of unreason that man rises to his original home in heaven, cf. 46²⁰⁻¹, and contrast 34⁸.

6. The pun on the word *ḥadīth* (= tale, Prophetic tradition) is clearly deliberate; the taverner has his own Traditions to recount, and the poet is acting as his *rāwī*; as we learn from the next verse, the taverner is here himself merely a transmitter, and states his *isnād* direct; if indeed this line (7) is not merely a doublet of 6, as the repeated rhyme strongly suggests.

9. The second hemistich is a *taḍmīn* from Aḥḥādī (d. 738/1337):
 مده بشاهد دنیا عنان دل زنهار که این عجزه عروس هزار دامادست
 The poem in which this line occurs was obviously studied by Ḥāfiẓ closely when writing the present lyric, for our poet quotes from it several times:

ز روی خوب وفا جوی کاهل معنی را

دل از تعلق این صوت و صورت آزادست

نموده که دگر عهد می کند با ما

مکن حکایت عهدش که مست بنیادست

نصیحتی کنمت یاد گیر و بعد از من

بگوی راست که اینم ز اوحدی یادست

10. For عاشق B + RS + F + P read بیدل.

AJA translates 1 2 * 3 4 5 6 8 9 10 11.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB, RG.

7

MQ 26, B 44, RS, 25 P 70.

Metre: $\underline{\underline{u}} - \underline{u} - | \underline{u} \underline{u} - - | \underline{u} \underline{u} - - | \underline{u} \underline{u} - -$.

Order of lines unvaried.

1-3. The poet appears here (as elsewhere often) to describe

an actual incident that occurred to him, and then to use it as a text for his meditations.

4. For عاشقی B + RS read عارف, which is clearly inferior.

5. The *riṣ-i alast* is the day of man's creation, when God said *Alastu bi-Rabbikum?* (Am I not your Lord?) and man replied *Balā* (Yes); see GB's note on p. 153 and cf. 85; the Qur'ānic sanction is Sūra VII, 171.

6. For آنچه B + RS read رآنچه.

7. Cf. 82.

WL translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB, RG.

8

MQ 25, B 43, RS 24, P 67.

Metre: مَقْصُور: مَثْنِ مَجْثُثْ - - - | - - - | - - - | - - - .
Order of lines unvaried.

3. For *istighnā* see note on 34. The Qur'ānic sanction appears to be Sūra LXIV, 6: "The messengers (of God) were ever coming to them with clear tidings, and they said, Shall a man be our guide? And they disbelieved, and turned away. And God was independent (*wa-'staghnā 'llāhu*); and God is absolute (*ghanī*), worthy of praise."

4. The "double-door of the world" is clearly birth and death, see WL, p. 69, and cf. 13, 37⁶.

5. The poet puns *balā* (yes) and *balā* (sorrow), suggesting that it was the cup of sorrow man agreed to drink on creation's day (see note on 75); the fact of coming into existence meant separation from the Divine beloved, and life is a perpetual grief of separation relieved only from time to time by the ecstatic God-given vision of union, ever to be followed in turn by the renewal of the dark night of the soul.

7. Āṣaf (Asaph) was Solomon's minister; the wind was his

steed (cf. Qur'ān xxxviii, 37; xxxiv, 12); and he understood the language of the birds (cf. Qur'ān xxvii, 16). For طرف B+RS read طرفه, manifestly in error.

8. The sequence is perfect: it is idle to lift oneself up to worldly renown and glory, for all worldly honours are nothing worth—the arrow soars merely to fall in the dust.

9. For سخت B+RS read سخت.

GB translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB, WL.

9

MQ 46, B 34, RS 15, P 52.

Metre: هزج مشن اخرب مكفوف مقصور

--و|و--و|و--و|و--.

Order of lines: B+RS 1 2 3 5 4 6 7 8 9 10 11. P 1 2 4 3 6 11 8 9 10 11.

1. For معشوق B+RS+P read معشوقه; but cf. l. 11.

2. The beautiful face of the beloved is as often compared with the full moon.

3. P reads بی نرگس خمر تو ایدوست حرامست

4. For گوش P reads گوش. For نی P reads بن. For چشم P reads چشم. For لب B+RS read تو.

5. For مارا B+RS+P read جانرا. For زگیسوی B+RS+P read هر دم ز سر زلف.

6. For از چاشنی P reads ای چاشنی. For وزشکر P reads زشکر. For از لب B+RS read با لب; P reads لب.

7. For کوی B+RS+P read کنج. It is a common poetic legend that treasures lie concealed in ruins; the poet here gives a most elegant turn to the conceit.

8. The poet here summarizes the doctrine of the Malāmātī sect of the Sūfis, who held that salvation lies in courting the

condemnation of mankind, and acted accordingly; a theory admirable enough in itself which in later times occasioned grave scandals fatal to the repute of Islamic mysticism.

9. For سرگشته P reads آشفته.

10. For the functions of the *mukhtasib* see R. Levy in *Encyclopaedia of Islam*, vol. III, pp. 702-3. For عيش B + RS + P read شرب.

11. The "festival of the fast" is the *'īd al-fiṭr*, celebrated on 1 Shawwāl to mark the end of Ramaḍān; and perhaps this poem was actually written for such an occasion; though it is more likely that it marks the return of an absent friend, or the renewed favour of a beloved.

TL translates 1 2 5 4 11.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB, RG.

10

MQ 61, B 31, RS 12, P 37.

Metre: $\overline{\text{UU}} - | \text{U} - \text{U} - | \text{UU} - - | \text{U} - \text{U} - |$ مخمّن مقصور، ممتّ ممتّ.

Order of lines: P 1 2 3 4 6 5 7. B + RS as MQ.

3. For γ B reads δ . For the conceit, see note on 25.

5. For *qad balāy* RS reads *qad balāy*. The heart is called *ṣananbarī* because its shape resembles a fir-cone; the adjective is used in modern Persian for the pituitary or pineal gland.

JHH translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

II

MQ 81, B 77, RS 58, P 48.

Metre: رمل مشعشع مخبون مقصور ٠٠٠ ٠٠٠ ٠٠٠ ٠٠٠.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 4 3 5 6 7 8. P as MQ.

5. The garden of Iram is said to have been planted in the sandy deserts near Aden by the legendary king Shaddād, grandson

of Iran; according to the Qur'ān (Sūra LXXXIX, 6-8) and its commentators, it was destroyed by God in a great flood (cf. Sūra XXXIV, 16) together with its builders. Sūdī in his annotation to this verse says that the poet composed it in the Bāgh-i Iram of Shāh Shujā', ruler over extensive territories in Persia (d. 786/1384); it is certain that Ḥāfiẓ lived for some time at his court: he mentions him in several lyrics (see 287) and wrote a chronogram on his death.

6. The heroic king of ancient Persia, Jamshīd, is said to have had a magic cup in which the whole world could be seen; similarly Alexander is credited with the possession of a mirror having identical properties. The poet meditates as always on the transitory nature of earthly glory; love is the only immortal, too great a mystery to be mouthed by man (verse 7: RL and GB have erred), too great a grief withal to be concealed (verse 8).

RL translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.

Other verse-translations by GB, JP.

12

MQ 90, B 82, RS 63, P 36.

Metre: مضارع مثنى اُخرب مكفوف محذوف

--u| -u-u| u--u| -u-.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 6 5 8 9 7 10. P as MQ.

1. King Solomon is said to have sent the hoopoe as his messenger to Bilqīs, the Queen of Sheba; for the full story see GB, pp. 148-9; the Qur'ānic sanction is Sūra XXVII, 20-38.

3. From this to verse 8 (excluding verse 7) is surely to be taken as the message sent by Ḥāfiẓ on the "wings of the morning breeze" to his faithful absent friend; the translators do not appear to have seen this.

7. This verse best follows verse 9 (as in B + RS) and is the completion of the heavenly message; the poet compares the wine-cup (the symbol of unreason) with the all-revealing mirror of

Alexander. For this idea, cf. 155. For the significance of the heavenly messenger (verse 9), cf. 63.

9. The poet changes his theme with his mood; love is the supreme sorrow, and the wine-cup of unreason its only solace.

10. This is surely a broad hint from the poet to his patron for a royal gift, cf. GB, p. 150, and the story of Farrukhī in E. G. Browne, *Chahār maqāla* (transl.), p. 44: "He also ordered Farrukhī to be given a horse and equipment suitable to a man of rank, as well as two tents, three mules, five slaves, wearing apparel and carpets."

GB translates 1 2 3 4 6 5 8 9 7 10.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

13

MQ 101, B 199, RS 83, P 175.

Metre: مشمن مخبون مقصور — — — — — | — — — — — | — — — — — | — — — — —.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 5 6 8 7 9 * 10. P as MQ.

1. The poet rejects as void the solitary joys of the anchorite (the solitary, cell-dwelling Sūfī, cf. 2²) in favour of the convivial joys of the tavern (the ecstasies' circle). The translators miss this point.

2. For the sentiment cf. 3⁸ and note.

4. HB takes the point better: "With reverence grasp the goblet." The idea of the wine-cup being made of the clay of the dead, or of dead kings is a commonplace in Persian poetry; cf. FitzGerald's *Rubā'iyāt*, xxxvii; Jamshīd, Bahman, [Kai]-kubād, [Kai]-kā'ūs and Kai-[khusrau] are ancient Persian kings; see GB, p. 165. For the catalogue of names, cf. 467-8.

6. For the romance of Shīrīn and Farhād (incorporated by Nizāmī into his *Khusrau Shīrīn*), see GB, pp. 165-6.

7. One of the loveliest lines in Hāfiz, epitomizing his philosophy of unreason as the only solution to the riddle of the world's impermanence.

8. For the conceit of the treasure in the ruins, see note on 97.

9. For Muṣallā and Ruknābād—the beauty-spots of Shiraz—see 3², 27²⁻³. The poem was perhaps written in answer to an invitation to visit a patrōn abroad. After this line B + RS add:

رسید در غم عشقتش بجانم آنچه رسید که چشم زخم زمانه بجان او مرساد

10. GB takes the alternative explanation offered by the commentators on the second hemistich; it seems more probable, however, that the poet meant by *abrisham-i tarab* the silken string of music, balancing the allusion to the harp in the first hemistich. For the combination wine + music, cf. 3⁸, 22².

GB translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 8 7 9 * 10.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

I4

MQ 103, B 253, RS 139, P 180.

Metre مِسْطَر مَقْصُور - - - | - - - | - - - .

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 5 * 6. P 1 § 2 3 4 5 6.

1. After this line P adds:

این‌زمان در کس وفاداری نماند ز آن وفاداران و یاران یاد باد

But it is frigid and worthless.

2. For B + RS read باده. HB glosses, "‘Be it sweet!’—an expression used at drinking parties"; apparently, reading نوش باد خوانان which breaks the rhyme. The reference is of course to the sweet singing of the revellers.

4. For **بند و بالا** B + RS read **بند بالا**. Does the poet intend this line ironically?

5. The Zinda-rūd is a famous river at Isfahan, see GB, p. 171; Hāfiz says in another place:

اگرچه زنده رود آب حیاتست ولی شیراز ما از اصفهان به

4. See note on 127.

5. Can any doubt remain after this verse that Ḥāfiẓ intends by the imagery of the wine-cup the ecstatic's rapt vision? Note the word *ḥakīm*: God is the only philosopher; man's own man-made *ḥikmat* is unworthy of the name (cf. 3⁸). The name *ḥakīm* is frequently given to God in the Qur'ān.

6. For دور P reads درد. For او B + RS + P read او. For خدا F + P read خدایا.

7. For این B + RS + F + P read آن. For خویش B + RS + F + P read عقل. For شعبده F reads شعبده‌ها. The Sāmīrī is a magician who made a calf "of saffron hue" for the Israelites to worship, see Qur'ān, Sūra xx, 85 ff. The "staff" and "white hand" were symbols of Moses' divine wizardry, see Sūra xx, 18 ff.

8. The reference is to Ḥusain b. Manṣūr al-Ḥallāj, "martyr-mystic of Islam" (d. 309/921), who was gibbeted on the charge of uttering blasphemy, notably the phrase انا الحق "I am the truth". The poet explains his crime as being that of revealing the unutterable mystery of the love of God in the ecstasy of his emotion; cf. 107. After this line P + F add:

و آنکه چون غنچه دلش راز حقیقت بنهفت

ورق خاطر از این نکته محشّا میکرد

[For آنکه P reads لبش. For دلش P reads لبش. For خاطر P reads دفتر. For نکته P reads نسخه.]

10. For زلف چو زنجیر B + RS read زلف سلسله. The ringlets of the beloved which veil the effulgent beauty of his face (cf. 5⁴ and note) are also a chain to keep the lover's mad heart under restraint, else he must wholly lose his reason.

AJA translates 1 2 6 3 4 8 * 7 9 5 10.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB, WL.

16

MQ 148, B 151, RS 37, P 193.

Metre: هزج مستس اخرب مقبوض محذوف ---|---|---|---.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 3 2 4 5. P as MQ.

5. See note on 7⁵. This line gives a mystical meaning to what is otherwise the simplest and lightest of Hāfiz' lyrics, highly reminiscent in style of the early lyrics of Sanā'i.

JP translates 1 3 2 4 5.

Other verse-translations by HB, WL.

17

MQ 151, B 142, RS 28, P 206.

Metre: هزج مثنى سالم ---|---|---|---.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 * 2 3 § 5 4 6 7. P as MQ.

1. For the second hemistich cf. 14. After this line B (in parentheses) + RS add:

ديار يار مردم را ميکند ور نه

چه جاى فارس که اين محنت جهان يکسر نمى ارزد

[RS omits جهان breaking the metre; B reads کين for که اين.] This line, however, breaks the sequence and is rightly rejected.

3. After this line B + RS add:

بشوى اين دلتي دلتنگي که در بازار يکرنگي

سرتعهاي گوناگون مى احر نمى ارزد

[B reads چرا for احر.] This line again breaks the sequence, and is perhaps a doublet of verse 1.

5. For چه B + RS + P read بس. For اين طوفان (for the phrase and its significance see 5⁶ with note) P reads يك موجش. Contrast 1¹, 15²; here the poet is clearly speaking of the vanity of worldly ambition.

6. A splendid message to the present times!

7. For ^{دنیای} B + RS + P read ^{دنیای}. The poem perhaps marks Ḥāfiẓ' reaction to a failure to win the favour of a patron; unless it is all to be taken mystically.

GB translates 1 * 2 3 § 5 4 6 7.

Other verse-translations by JP, RG.

- 18

MQ 195, B 137, RS 23, P 131.

Metre: $\overline{\text{UU}} - | \text{UU} - - | \text{UU} - - | \text{UU} - - | \text{UU} - -$.
 Order of lines: B + RS 1 4 2 6 3 5 8 7 9 *. P 1 3 6 4 2 7 8 5 9.

2. GB has misunderstood غماز which here means "informer"; the scented breeze of morning and the flooding tears betray the secret of love otherwise well guarded. RS translates correctly:

"Dich verrieth der Wind des Morgens,
 Mich des Auges Wasserfluth:
 Und doch wahren sonst Verliebte
 Ihr Geheimniss treu und gut."

3. For ^{ز زیر} P reads ^{ز زیر}. For ^{سو کوارانند} B + RS + P read ^{سو کوارانند} which is obviously inferior; especially in the context of the next line, where the image of the violets tossing restlessly beneath the tyranny of the fair one's locks is a superb conceit. Perhaps, however, the following emendation improves:

ز زیر زلف دو تا چون گذر کنی بنگر
 که از تطاول زلفت چه سو کوارانند

گذار کن چو صبا بر بنفشه زار و بین
 که از یمین و یسارت چه بیقرارانند

Such a rearrangement gives far better balance (note the repetition of زلف) and is more in the character of the poet.

4. For ^{سو کوارانند} B + RS + P read ^{سو کوارانند}.

3. God created man to be his vice-gerent; see Qur'ān, Sura II, 30; VI, 166. For the Ṣūfī doctrine, see R. A. Nicholson, *Studies in Islamic Mysticism*, pp. 113, 130, 156.

4. Cf. 'Umar Khaiyām:

می خور که ز توقلت و کثرت ببرد و اندیشه هفتاد و دو ملت ببرد
پرهیز مکن ز کیمیائی که از او یک جرعه هزار علت ببرد

And Fitzgerald:

“The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The two-and-seventy jarring sects confute;
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute.”

5. For *ایزد* P reads *آترا*. This line is presumably to be taken in close conjunction with the following: the “concord” is that of complete submission, which consumes the human will as the moth is consumed by the flame. For *صوفیان* B + RS + P read *حوریان*.

After this line B + RS (and P after versè 6) add:

ما بعد خرمن پندار ز ره چون نرویم چون ره آدم بیدار یک دانه زدند

On the meaning, see GB, p. 171.

6. After this line B + RS add:

نقطه عشق دل گوشه نشینان خون کرد
همچو آن خال که بر عارض جانانه زدند

7. For *نگشاد* B + RS + P read *نکشید*. For *سغن را بقلم* B + RS + P read *عروسان سغن*, but the text of MQ gives an excellent balance between *اندیشه* and *سغن*, *نقاب* and *قلم*.

GB translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ * ۵ ۶ § ۷.

Other verse-translations by GP, HB.

MQ 198, B 136, RS 22, F 6, P 135.

Metre: مضارع مثنى اُخرب مكفوف مقصور

--u| -u -u| u - -u| -u -.

Order of lines: P 1 2 3 4 6 5 7 8 9. B + RS + F as MQ.

1. This is one of Ḥāfiẓ' few conversation-pieces: a curious and remarkable technique, reminiscent of the سؤال and جواب of the learned treatises, and, in particular, the shorter mystical tracts of Suhrawardī Maqtūl, e.g. the *'Aql-i sirkeb* (ed. Mahdī Bayānī, Isfahan 1319/1940). The poet imagines a conversation between an old Ṣūfī and a beautiful boy who is the focus of his meditation.

2. The tribute of Egypt, Egypt being the wealthiest province of the Muslim empire.

3. For نکته‌دان P reads خرده‌دان which destroys the elegant verbal play.

4. The elder seeks to draw the boy forth from the tavern to the temple; the boy replies that in his religion God is worshipped through the adoration of his image in material beauty—a fundamental doctrine of this school of Ṣūfīs, and a practice which led inevitably to grave scandals.

6. How can the wearer of the *khirqa* of renunciation be a wine-bibber? The Magian faith resolves this dilemma too.

8. RS following the commentators identifies *khvāja* with Ḥāfiẓ' patron Qiwām al-Dīn Ḥasan (the minister of Shāh Shujā'), involving a play on the words *mushtarī* and *mab*; but this seems rather far-fetched. For آفرمان F reads بحر.

9. For او B + RS + F + P read تو, which must surely be adopted unless the interpretation of RS is accepted, to the ruination of an otherwise perfect poem.

AJA translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9.

Another verse-translation by JP.

MQ 225, B 158, RS 44, P 214.

Metre: مضارع مثنى اخرب مكفون محذوف

--u| -u-u| u--u| -u-.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 5 * 6 § 7 8. P as MQ.

1. For the circumstances alleged as attending the composition of this poem, see GB, p. 173: Cypress, Tulip and Rose are supposed to be the names of three handmaidens who nursed Ghiyāth al-Dīn Purābī of Bengal during a sickness. RS quoting Sūdi explains the three cups as referring to the practice of drinking three glasses of wine after a meal to fidelity; WC speaks of three morning cups to purge the body of ill-humours. I strongly suspect, however, that the poet is here referring to a discussion (*baḥṭh*) between commentators, probably of his day, on a tradition (*ḥadīth*) relating to the ritual washing of the dead; and that he intends a *double entendre*—winter is departed, let us lave its corpse with wine.

2. The *dallāla* is the marriage-broker whose task it is to exaggerate the beauty of the girl to the hoped-for husband; but spring is so beautiful that its beauty exceeds all that the broker could invent. GB does not appear to grasp the meaning; HB is better, albeit more pedestrian:

“Drink wine! our blooming bride, the meadow, shines forth in beauty’s height;

No need of the Dallālah’s practice while days like these delight.”

3. GB: “The parrots of India are the court poets of Ghiyā-suddīn, and the Persian sweetmeat is the ode that Ḥāfiẓ sent to Bengal.”

4. For يكساله P reads صدساله. The poem was presumably written in one night.

5. For جادوانه عابد P reads آهوانه آهو. After this line B + RS add:

خوی کرده می خرامد و بر عارض سخن از شرم روی او غرق ژاله می رود

6. After this line B + RS add:

چون سامری مباش که زر دید و از خری

موسی بهشت و از بی رساله می رود

8. The commentators identify this Ghiyāth al-Dīn alternatively as the king of Bengal (acc. 769/1367), and the Prince of Herat Ghiyāth al-Dīn Pīr 'Alī (ruled 772-92/1370-89). The name does not occur elsewhere in the *Divān*.

GB translates 1 2 3 4 5 * 6 § 7 8.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

22

MQ 219, B 121, RS 7, P 203.

Metre: — — — — — | — — — — — | — — — — — | — — — — —.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 8 5 6 7 9 * §. P 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 §.

3. For روز B + RS + P read دور.

4. For خروج B + RS + P read بروج, which is rather a frigid metaphor: "clusters of sweet herbs, radiant as the zodiacal mansions of the sun" (HB).

5. The breath of Jesus in Muslim legend has power to raise the dead, cf. 15⁸. 'Ūd and Thamūd are named in the Qur'ān as unbelieving peoples who rejected the messengers sent to them by God and were in consequence utterly destroyed; see Qur'ān, Sūra VII, 65-79; XXVI, 123-59; XLI, 14-17.

6. Cf. 3²; the wine of unreason is the only consolation for the tragedy of evanescent beauty.

7. A splendid conceit; for Solomon riding the wind see note on 87.

8. The "faith of old Zoroaster" is of course intended here as the Magian wine-bibbing: a magnificent heresy for a Muslim to propound! For the story of Nimrod: "Nimrod, the king of the

day, caused Abraham to be cast into a great fire, which was miraculously turned into a rose garden. Hence the fire of Nimrod which enflames the tulip." (WL, p. 71.) The legend is related in comment upon Qur'ān, Sūra xxxvii, 97.

9. For Āṣaf see note on 87. 'Imād al-Dīn Maḥmūd was a minister of Shāh Shaikh Abū Ishāq (reigned 742-57/1341-56), one of Hāfiz' patrons.

10. *Tarbiyat* is the technical word for the protection afforded by a royal patron to a young poet, see Nizāmī 'Arūdī, *Chahār maqāla*, p. 30¹⁸: چنین شاعر را تربیت و آنرا بر پادشاه واجب است که کند تا در خدمت او پدیدار آید. For this line B + RS substitute the following:

زعیش کام ابد جو بدولتش حافظ که باد تا بابد ظلّ رأفتش ممدود

In P the following is given (in B + RS additional to the preceding, B placing it in parentheses):

یار باده که حافظ مدامش استظهار

بفضل و رحمت عامست و غافر معهود

[The second hemistich in B + RS reads و بفضل رحمت غفار بود و خواهد بود.]

WL translates 1 4 2 3 8 6 7 9 *.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB, RG.

23

MQ 234, B 196, RS 82, P 212.

Metre: مـاـمـ مـثـنـ مـاـمـ | مـمـمـمـ | مـمـمـمـ | مـمـمـمـ.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 4 3 6 5 7. P 1 2 3 4 6 5 7.

1. For شرق RS reads شرق (a misprint). For the simile, see 383.

3. For حکایت B + RS read شکایت.

4. For *نتوان کرد* B + RS read *ای دل ممکن*. HB is more faithful:
 "From Heaven's inverted tray, O heart! expect not to obtain,
 Save by reproach and hundred pangs, one particle of gain."
5. For *بی* P reads *ره*. For *باشد کاین* B + RS + P read *این بود که*.
 For *گوهر* cf. 15². Personal suffering and divine grace are both
 required for spiritual attainment.
6. For *طوفان* see note on 5⁶.
7. For *زلف* B + RS read *لطف*, P reads *وصل*. Cf. 32⁴. For *لاله*
 (a repeated rhyme, see verse 1) B + RS + P read *ناله*, which is
 surely superior, cf. 24².
 JN translates 1 2 3 6 5 4 7.
 Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

24

MQ 233, B 249, RS 135, P 202.

Metre: *مضارع مثنیٰ اخرب* -- -- | -- -- | -- -- | -- -- .

Order of lines: B + RS 1 * 4 5 2 § ‡ 3 || 6. P 1 2 3 4 5 ‡ 6.

1. This is one of Hāfiz' finest and most interpolated lyrics.
 After this line B + RS add:

هر دم چو بی وفایان نتوان گرفت یاری

مائیم و خاک کویش تا جان ز تن بر آید

The immediate repetition of the rhyme suggests that this line is
 merely a copyist's quotation.

2. Smoke is a common metaphor in Persian poetry for a
 burning sigh. After this line B + RS add:

بر خیز تا چمن را از قامت و قیامت

هم سرو در بر آید هم نارون بر آید
 بر بوی آنکه در باغ یابد مکی چو رویت

آید نسیم و هر دم گرد چمن بر آید

P adds the second of these lines after verse 5.

3. For رخ B + RS read رو.

After this line B + RS add:

هر يك شكست زلفت بنجاه شست دارد

چون اين دل شكسته با آن شكن بر آيد

which is extremely frigid.

5. Note the contrast between جان and دست; the beloved will not satisfy the material needs of the poor, much less the spiritual aspirations of the lover.

GB translates 1 * 4 5 2 § ‡ 3 || 6.

Other verse-translations by JP, RG.

25

MQ 254, B 292, RS 11, P 255.

Metre: مضارع مثنى اخرب مكفوف مقصور

--و|--و--و|و--و|--و--.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 5 6 4 7. P as MQ.

2. For بيدل B + RS read عاشق. RS does not take this verse as part of the nightingale's lament; HB follows him in this.

3. The poem is evidently addressed to an absent friend, cf. verse 7.

5. A reminiscence of Qur'ān, Sūra LV, 72: حُورٌ مَّقْصُورَاتٌ فِي الْخِيَامِ.

6. هُوَ الْغُفُورُ is a common Qur'ānic phrase, see Sūra x, 107; XII, 99; XXVIII, 15; XXXIX, 54; XLII, 3; XLVI, 7; LXXXV, 14.

AJA translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7.

Other verse-translations by JP, GB.

MQ 270, B 313, RS 4, P 279.

Metre: $\underline{\text{خفيف مخبون مقصور}}$ $\underline{\text{—}} \text{—} \text{—} | \text{—} \text{—} \text{—} | \text{—} \text{—} \text{—}$.

Order of lines unvaried.

3. See 2⁵ and note.

7. It would appear from the form of the signature that this poem, like some others, was written by Hāfiz for singing by a famous minstrel; hence the poet's reference to himself in the third person. The lyric clearly belongs to the poet's early life, and is perhaps the simplest in the *Dīvān*.

HH translates 1 2 3 5 4 7.

Other verse-translations by JP, Derozio (in *Calcutta Review* for September 2, 1827).

MQ 279, B 322, RS 7, P 291.

Metre: $\underline{\text{هزج مسدس مكفوف محذوف}}$ $\text{—} \text{—} \text{—} \text{—} | \text{—} \text{—} \text{—} \text{—} | \text{—} \text{—} \text{—}$.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 5 6 8 7 9. P as MQ.

2. For Ruknābād and Muṣallā see 3², 13⁹. لا أوحش الله "beware, God forbid" is an abbreviation of the Arabic لا أوحش الله "may God not desolate". For Khidr, see note on 187.

3. Ja'farābād has now completely disappeared; see GB, p. 167, HB, p. 177.

4. For بجوى B + RS read بخواه . For روح قلسى see Qur'ān, Sūra II, 81, 254; V, 109; XVI, 104; and see GB, p. 167; cf. 15⁹.

5. Egyptian sugar was (as it still is) famous for sweetness; so Hāfiz says elsewhere:

$\text{دهان شهد تو داده رواج آب خضر}$
 $\text{لب چو قند تو برد از نبات مصر رواج}$

For the "sweetmakers" of Shiraz, cf. 3³.

6. For *līlī* see note on 3³. This poem and 3 are clearly closely related.

RG translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 8 7.

Other verse-translations by JP, GB, HB.

28

MQ 284, B 333, RS 18, P 296.

Metre: مطوی موقوف - - - - - | - - - - - | - - - - - .

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 5 3 4 6 7 8 9. P 1 2 3 5 4 6 7 8 9.

2. For لطف B + RS read عفو. For سروش cf. 63.

3. خام "raw" is a metaphor for "inexperienced", and is contrasted with پخته "cooked", "experienced"; in this case the "cooking" is to take place with the "fire" of the wine. Elsewhere Ḥāfiẓ says:

ز تاب آتش سودای عشقش بسان دیگ دایم میزنم جوش

5. For دانی B + RS read گوئی. WL has misunderstood the second hemistich; RS is better:

"Grösser ist die Gnade Gottes
Als die Fülle uns'rer Schuld;
Schweigel Kennst du den die Gründe,
Die verborgenen, der Huld?"

8. For Shāh Shujā' see note on 115. The three-line close is unusual, but explained by the panegyrical tone of the poem.

WL translates 1 2 5 3 4 6 7.

Another verse-translation by JP.

29

MQ 295, B 348, RS 1, P 303.

Metre: مثنیٰ مخبون مقصور - - - - - | - - - - - | - - - - - | - - - - - .

Order of lines: P 1 2 3 5 4 6 7. B + RS as MQ.

1. For the conventional scene, cf. 44¹⁻².

31

MQ 309, B 412, RS 47, R 319.

Metre: $\text{مقصور} \quad \text{رمل} \quad \text{مثنى} \quad \text{مقصور} \quad | \quad \text{مثنى} \quad \text{مقصور} \quad | \quad \text{مثنى} \quad \text{مقصور} \quad | \quad \text{مثنى} \quad \text{مقصور}.$

Order of lines unvaried.

2. For همنشین... ندیم B + RS read همنشین... ندیمی .

4. For دلستان B + RS read دلنشان .

6. For و تیز و تلخ B has تیز تلخ , RS has تیز و تلخ (then و خوشخوار و سبک).

8. For نکته دانی cf. 203. Hājji Qiwām al-Dīn, minister of Sulṭān Uwais of Baghdad (reigned 756-76/1355-74), is said to have founded a college for Ḥāfiẓ in Shiraz; the poet praises him elsewhere. So GB, p. 154; but MQ identifies with Qiwām al-Dīn Ḥasan, minister of Abū Ishāq Injū, see p. 162 above; and K. Süssheim (*Encyclopaedia of Islam*, vol. II, p. 211) with Qiwām al-Dīn Muḥammad, minister of Shāh Shujā'.

9. For عشرت B + RS read عجبت . For مجلس B + RS read عشرت . JN translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

32

MQ 336, B 439, RS 74, P 380.

Metre: $\text{مثنى} \quad \text{مخبون} \quad \text{مخدوف} \quad | \quad \text{مثنى} \quad \text{مخبون} \quad \text{مخدوف} \quad | \quad \text{مثنى} \quad \text{مخبون} \quad \text{مخدوف} \quad | \quad \text{مثنى} \quad \text{مخبون} \quad \text{مخدوف}.$

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 6 5. P as MQ.

1. This famous poem is inscribed on Ḥāfiẓ' tomb. Cf. 46²¹⁻².

2. $\text{“by thy love I swear”}$ بولای تو.

3. For بیشتر B reads بیشتر (misprint).

5. B + RS end the poem with half this line and half of l. 7:

$\text{خیز و بالا بنمای ای بت شیرین حرکات}$

$\text{که چو حافظ ز سر جان و جهان بر خیزم}$

6. For the idea, cf. 207.

خیز و بالا بنما ای بت شیرین حرکات

تا چو حافظ ز جهان دست فشان بر خیزم

The "shaking of the sleeves" is often mentioned as a gesture of world-forsaking in the Ṣūfī dance, and the phrase here balances well the idea شيرين حرکات. The poem seems to have been written for recitation at the Ṣūfī *dhikr*; for Ḥāfiẓ in the third person, see note on 267.

GB translates 1 2 3 4 6 5.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

33

MQ 357, B 392, RS 27, P 385.

Metre: مِثْمَن مَجْبُون مَحْذُوف P as MQ.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 * § 2 6 ‡ 3 4 5 7. P as MQ.

¹. This remarkable poem is considerably interpolated. *نورست و بکا* B + RS read *نوری ز بکا* in which the Divine light rises, cf. 257. After this verse B + RS add:

کیست دردی کش این می‌کده یارب که درش

قبلہ حاجت و محراب دعا می بینم

منصب عاشقی و رندی و شاد بازی
قبله حاجت

همه از تربیت لطف شما می بینم

2. For the immediate repetition of the rhyme (خدا... می بینم) cf. 30¹⁻²; 40¹⁻². The poet Sanā'ī seems to have been particularly partial to this device. The "king of pilgrims" is the

commander of the annual pilgrim train to Mecca. The "house of God" is the "ancient house" at Mecca, the Ka'ba.

3. Cf. 1². Cathay was the famous country for musk, won from the pod of the musk-deer. The poet puns here: خطا می بینم can also mean "I see the error", i.e. of supposing that I can attain the musk-strewing locks of the beloved.

4. B + RS read ناله شب آه سحر.

6. After this line B + RS add:

نیست در دایره جز نقطه وحدت کم و بیش

که من این مسئله بی چون و چرا می بینم

[RS omits جز by error.]

. AJA translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

34

MQ 372, B 367, RS 2, P 329.

Metre: مضارع مثنیٰ اُخرب مکفوف مقصور

— — — | — — — | — — — | — — — .

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 * 8. P 1 3 2 4 5 7 6 8.

1. For بشارع B + RS read ز شارع.

2. Cf 7⁵ and note.

4. بو is a shortened form of بود. The translator has omitted the conceit of the red onyx.

6. B + RS read بجالت رقصند. The Mevlevi (whirling) dervishes raise their arms during their gyrations. The poet puns here on the double meaning of دست بر آوردن, which also signifies "to supplicate", i.e. for a draught of wine.

7. For در و B + RS + P read قدر. After this line B + RS add:

زان پیشتر که عمر گرانمایه بگذرد بگذار تا مقابل روی تو بگذریم

8. Since we may never attain union with the Divine beloved, let us be content with the dust of His threshold.

AJA translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8.

Another verse-translation by JP.

35

MQ 376, B 393, RS 28, P 344.

Metre: $\overline{UU} - | UU - | UU - | UU -$ رمل مثنى مخبون مقصور:

Order of lines: B + RS as MQ. P 1 2 3 5 4 6 7.

1. For پیر مغانست B + RS + P read اهل دلست این و

2. Cf. 14.

4. JN has misunderstood; HB is less elegant but more accurate:

"Heaven's organist, that robber, superior men waylays:
At this how check my sorrow, nor clamorous tumult raise?"

5. JN is again inaccurate; HB again pedestrian but correct:

"No wine we poured to water the rose's boiling glow;
And so we boil from yearning in flames of hopeless woe."

He glosses: "When the summer came we drank no wine."

6. JN omits; HB is incorrect:

"A fiery dew ideal from tulips' cups we drain:
Hence evil eye! this rapture from wine nor song we gain."

But wine and music make up Hafiz' specific for rapture, cf. 3³, 13¹⁰, 22²; and it is the lack of them (cf. lines 2, 5) that has made the poet distraught: the "imaginary" wine of the tulip's cup is better than none at all.

9. For شیرین دهنان B + RS read سیمین ذقنان.

AJA translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB, RG.

37

MQ 392, B 453, RS 11, P 392.

Metre: مضارع مثنى اخرب مكفوف محذوف

--و|--و--و|و--و|--و--.

Order of lines unvaried.

1. For گوی MQ reads کوی (misprint).

2. For توان P reads بود.

5. An elegant play on words that defies adequate translation.

6. See 84 and note.

7. For یحیی B + RS + P read منصور. Shāh Manṣūr is identical with Shujā' al-Dīn, son of Sharaf al-Dīn Muẓaffar, son of Mubārīz al-Dīn Muḥammad, and was a nephew of Shāh Shujā' (for whom see note on 115); after a troubled reign he was put to death by Tīmūr in 795/1393. Shāh Yahyā (Nuṣrat al-Dīn) his brother had an equally turbulent career. Both rulers are mentioned several times by Ḥāfiẓ. For the history of the ill-fated Muẓaffarid house, see *Encyclopaedia of Islam*, vol. III, pp. 798-9.

WL translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB, RG.

38

MQ 396, B 459, RS 17, P 405.

Metre: مضارع مثنى اخرب مكفوف محذوف

--و|--و--و|و--و|--و--.

Order of lines: P 1 2 3 * 4 6. B ÷ RS as MQ.

MQ 417, B 489, RS 11, P 428.

Metre: مثنى ائلم -- | و -- | (و) -- | و -- .

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 5 6 * § ‡ || 7. P as MQ.

1. Hāfiz has another poem in the same rare metre and rhyme:

گرتیغ بارد در کوی آن ماه گردن نهادیم الحکم لله

Note the play on the two meanings of *mudām*.

2. See note on 33²; for the internal rhyming (rather uncommon in Hāfiz) cf. 3².9.

3. For برندی B + RS read بمستی .

4. For دست B + RS + P read قول .

6. After this line B + RS add:

صبر از خدا خواه صبر از خدا خواه	از صبر عاشق خوشتر نباشد
صوفی بینداز این رسم و این راه	دلّیق ملّیّع زّنار راهست
از وصل جانان صد لوحش الله	وقتی برویش خوش بود و قتم
سر بر ندارم از خاک درگاه	رخ بر نتابم از راه خدمت

7. B + RS reverse ورد and درس .

AJA translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7.

Another verse-translation by JP.

MQ 428, B 487, RS 9, P 432.

Metre: هزج مسدّس محذوف و --- | و --- | و --- .

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 5 6 8 9 7 10. P as MQ.

2. For بشهر هستیش B + RS read ز شهر هستیش . A splendid epitome of the poet's philosophy of unreason!

3. For عشوة P reads جرعة. RG has misunderstood this and the following line; RS is better:

“Der schöne Weinverkäufer sah
Mich dann gar freundlich an,
So dass ich, vor des Schicksal's List
Nun sicher, leben kann.

Vom Schenken mit den Bogenbrau'n
Vernahm, was folgt, mein Ohr:
'O du, den sich des Tadels Pfeil
Zum Ziele auserkohl!'"

6. Cf. 47¹³⁻¹⁵. The Anca is a fabulous bird, hence its nesting-place is unattainable.

7. For وصل B reads حسن. For حسن B reads وصل; P reads عشق. The literal meaning is, "What man profits of union with that royal beauty who is ever playing at self-love?" This and the lines following contain the essence of the Sūfī doctrine of Divine love: God created the world to be an image of Himself; how can the image aspire to the love of its Creator? All things, in so far as they have any meaning at all, are reflections of the Divine beauty, and do not exist apart from God. This then is the riddle of life: that we are by our very being impelled to seek the love of Him who is utterly self-sufficient and has no need of us or our love.

9. For برانیم B + RS read برانیم. For this and the following line, cf. 3⁸ and note.

RG translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 8 9 7 10.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB (four verses).

MQ 447, B 518, RS 24, P 470.

Metre: مـدّس مـدّس مـدّس مـدّس | مـدّس مـدّس | مـدّس مـدّس.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 6 5 4 3 7. P as MQ.

1. Cf. 477-8.
2. Presumably the *naṣīḥat* is the poet's customary warning that material beauty is transient, the only course is to drink the wine of unreason; cf. 37-8.
4. For *حکم* B + RS read *مهر*. The sentiment is similar to that expressed by Ḥāfiẓ elsewhere:

7. The poet, as his name indicates, knew the Qur'ān by heart (hāfiz): in a double sense therefore he had the Scriptures in his breast!

AJA translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7.

Another verse-translation by JP.

43

MQ 452, B 503, RS 9, P 492.

Metre: $\text{uu} - - | \text{u} - \text{u} - | \overline{\text{uu}} - .$

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 * § 5. P as MQ.

1. An excellent meditation on the true and false Ṣūfī.
 2. The word عقيله properly signifies "noble veiled woman", and is then applied by extension to anything noble and precious. The poet is of course being sarcastic: noble reason—the religion of self-love and pride—has nothing to do with his philosophy of unreasoning love.
 3. What better text than this to explain Ḥāfiz' use of the terms "wine" and "drunkenness" to mean the denial of reason and the annihilation of self?
 4. For دواى B + RS + P read گواه. After this line B + RS add:
 نبود باغ خلدر ارونق بی می راوق و لب حوری
 میر آن ماه بایدت ورزید گر چه چون آفتاب مشهوری
- Two singularly inept verses!

Two singularly inept verses!

WL translates 1 2 3 4 5.

Another verse-translation by JP.

MQ 465, B 528, RS 34, P 490.

Metre: مضارع مثنى اخرب مكفوف محذوف

--و|--و--و|و--و|--و--.

Order of lines: P 1 2 5 3 4 6 7. B + RS as P.

1. RS reads رقتم بباغ تا که بچینم سحر گلی.

2. غلغل as well as meaning "clamour" also signifies the sound made by a liquid being poured out of a long-necked flagon.

3. B + RS read چمن باغ.

4. For حسن B + RS read خار. For the second hemistich B + RS read این را تغیری نه و آن را تبدلی.

7. For فرج B + RS + P read فرج. For از B + RS read زین. For کون B + RS read کون.

AJA translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7.

Other verse-translations by JP, GB, HB.

MQ 476, B 566, RS 72, P 445.

Metre: مثنى مجتث مخبون محذوف

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 6 5 7. P as MQ.

2. For راحت B + RS read راهست. RS translates: "Mein Aug' ruht auf der Strasse Rand". The phrase is omitted by RG.

3. For عزیزم B + RS read ضعیف. For فزایش B + RS + P read فزایت; MQ defends the reading فزایش by referring the enclitic pronoun to جان. For بیخشش B + RS read بیخشش.

6. For بندم B + RS read نبندم and so RG translates.

7. For بدان B + RS read بهر. Perhaps we are to conclude from this last line that the poem was addressed to an Arab friend, Hāfiz intending a pun on the double meaning of *Turk*.

RG translates 1 2 3 6 5 4 7.

Another verse-translation by JP.

MQ p. 356, B 686, RS 2 (p. 464), F 11, P 863.

Metre: ـــــــــ متقارب مثنى محذوف ـــــــــ | ـــــــــ | ـــــــــ | ـــــــــ .

Order of lines highly irregular.

1. This fine poem in *mathnawī* verse has suffered from wholesale interpolations. I have followed the text established by F which restores perfect symmetry to an otherwise shapeless agglomeration and disembarrasses the poet of many weak lines.

2. "Both parts", i.e. grace and perfection.

3. See notes on 11⁶, 12⁷, 15⁸. For MQ + P read بده MQ + P.

4. For تمام B + RS read مدام.

5. The original has "the treasure of Qārūn" (i.e. Korah). For the story of Korah, Moses' wealthy kinsman, his oppression and his overthrow, see Qur'ān, Sūra XXVIII, 76-82.

7. With this catalogue of the ancient kings of Persia cf. 13⁴.

9. The Persian poets often compare the world with an ancient convent, in which men lodge for their little time.

10. This and the following three lines are not in B + RS.

12. For رفت MQ + P read رای. Shīda was the son of Afrāsiyāb.

13. For کاغشی MQ + P read قهرشی. For دغدهاش MQ reads دغدهاش نیز. P reads دغده نیز.

14. The "virgin chastevely veiled" is the wine, often so called by the Persian poets.

17. For در بزم B + RS + MQ + P read در بزم. The word بزم has the double meaning (both intended here) of "banquet" and "tiger". The "old world" is, as often in Persian poetry, the world, cunning and full of treachery.

18. MQ reads در آن سریت. P reads در آن سریت.

19. For تمام MQ + P read تمام. For تمام MQ + P read تمام.

20. For سر از ده B + RS + MQ + P read میم ده. For شوم ایمن از فکرت هولناک MQ + P read سری ز, B + RS read.

23. For the ruin and the treasure, see 97 and note.

25. For دم پادشاهی MQ reads دم از پارسائی (breaking the rhyme), P reads دم پادشائی, B + RS reads در پارسائی. For در خسروی B + RS + MQ + P read دم خسروی.

26. For زهره آواز رود MQ + P read رود زهره درود. Cf.:

در آسمان نه عجب گر بگفته حافظ سرود زهره برقص آورد سیحارا

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

47

MQ p. 354, B 685, RS 1 (p. 454), F 8, P 861.

Metre: هزج مستس محذوف: ---|---|---.

Order of lines irregular.

1. I have adopted the edition of F which largely reconstructs the poem. For چندین MQ + P read بسیار.

2. For تنها و MQ + P read تنها. For بیکس B + RS + MQ + P read دو بیکس. For دو و دام و RS, دم و دم در B reads دو راه است و MQ + P read دد و دامت.

3. P reads 4 here and then 3.

4. For ایمن P reads مبینی. For چو P reads که. B + RS + MQ + P read خرم.

5. For رفیقان B + RS + MQ + P read حبیبان.

6. For کاری بر آید B + RS, کاری گشاید MQ + P read این ره سر آید. For Khidr see note on 187.

7. B + RS + MQ + P here run on to the section 11-15; this line is l. 20 in B + RS + MQ, l. 19 in P.

8. This line is l. 15 in B + RS, l. 19 in MQ, l. 18 in P. For تیغ B + RS + MQ + P read زخم.

9. This line is l. 14 in B + RS, l. 30 in P; it is not given in MQ.
10. This line is l. 22 in B + RS, l. 21 in MQ, l. 20 in P.
11. This line and the four following are ll. 7-11 in B + RS + P, ll. 7, 9-12 in MQ. For عطا MQ + P read وفا. The poet quotes Qur'ān, Sūra 21⁸⁹ (Zāchariah crying to God for a child to succeed him). After this line MQ adds:
- چنین هست یاد از پیر دانا فراموشم نشد هرگز همانا
- But this is a very feeble verse.
12. For رندی MQ reads رند.
14. For گفتا MQ + P read گفتا. For the significance of the simurgh, see note on 41⁶.
16. This line is l. 16 in MQ + P + B + RS. For نیاز B + RS read نیاز. For ما B + RS + MQ + P read من.
17. This line is l. 13 in B + RS + MQ, l. 12 in P. For سهی MQ + P read روان. For ز بال B + RS read ز شاخ, MQ چو شاخ, P. ز تاج. If بال is correct, it must signify "top".
18. This line is l. 15 in MQ, l. 14 in P, l. 17 in B + RS. B + RS read گفت و گوئی. B + RS + MQ read سر چشمه و یک طرف.
19. This line is l. 17 in MQ + P, l. 18 in B + RS.
20. This line is l. 19 in MQ + B + RS, l. 15 in P. For آیدت MQ + P read آمدت.
21. This line is l. 14 in MQ, l. 13 in P, l. 12 in B + RS. For بدست MQ + P read سرمست.
22. This line is l. 28 in MQ, l. 27 in P, l. 32 in B + RS. For بخوانید MQ + P read بخوانید.
23. This line is l. 29 in MQ, l. 28 in P, l. 33 in B + RS. For سنگ انداز MQ + P read حکم انداز.
24. This line and the four following are ll. 23-7 in MQ, ll. 22-6 in P, ll. 31, 34-7 in B + RS. For به تقریر B + RS + MQ + P read بتحریر. The poet refers to Qur'ān, Sūra LXVIII, 1 and puns on the

word *nām* which the commentators interpret as "fish"; he implies that his poetry is as divinely inspired as the Qur'ān, cf. 6¹¹.

25. B + RS read سرشتیم... کشتیم. For بود B + RS read گشت.
 26. For مغز شعر و نغز شعر MQ reads مغز شعر و نغز شعر, B + RS + P read و اجزاست. For اجزاست B + RS read اجزاست.
 27. For بیاور P reads بیاور.
 28. For چین P reads چین (misprint). For نه زآن MQ + P read نه آن. For آهو P reads حوری. See 33³ and note: the poet repeats his claim that his poetry has a celestial origin.
 Another verse-translation by JP.

48

F 10.

Metre: — — — | — — — | — — — | — — —.

1. F has reconstructed this poem out of lines excluded by him from the *Sāqī-nāma* (46); these lines are found in other editions of that composition (MQ, P).

2. For همی بینم MQ + P read همیدارم.

3. For دگر MQ reads وگر. For رند P reads زند.

4. The idea is evidently proverbial. Cf. Fakhr al-Dīn Gurgānī, *Vis u Rāmīn* (ed. Minovi), p. 440:

شنیدستی که شب آبتن آید نداند کس که فردا زو چه زاید

For other parallels, see 'Alī Akbar Dihkhudā, *Amthāl u hikam*, pp. 947-8.

5. For و ساغر MQ + P read به ساغر.

49

MQ p. 367, B 268, RS 154, P 680.

Metre: — — — | — — — | — — — | — — —.

Order of lines unvaried.

1. The older editors (B + RS) printed this poem among the ghazals, but modern Persian editors place it among the *muqatta'āt*. For رندی B + RS read جانان.

3. For می برد B + RS + P read برد و شد.

5. B + RS read دخترى شبگرد و تلخ و تیز و گلرنگست Cf. 31⁶ for the description.

Other verse-translations by JP, RG.

50

MQ p. 369, B 604, RS 31, P 692.

Metre: $\overline{UU} - | UU - - | UU - - | UU - - | \overline{UU} -$.

Order of lines unvaried.

1. B + RS read سرور سلطان.

2. For کاف و الف = 20 + 1 = 21. B + RS read روز کاف و الف وضع نظم.

3. For او B + RS read وی. The phrase رخت حق is a chronogram; the numerical value of the constituent letters is

$$200 + 8 + 40 + 400 + 8 + 100 = 756.$$

Another verse-translation by JP.

LIST OF TRANSLATORS

- Arberry, Arthur John, 1, 6, 15, 20, 25, 30, 33, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 47, 48
Bell, Gertrude, 8, 12, 13, 17, 18, 19, 21, 24, 32
Bicknell, Hermann, 14
Bridges (Daryush), Elizabeth, 2
H. H., 26
Hindley, John Haddon, 10
Jones, Sir William, 3
Law, Thomas, 9
Leaf, Walter, 7, 22, 28, 37, 43, 49
Le Gallienne, Richard, 27, 39, 41, 45, 50
Levy, Reuben, 11
Nott, John, 4, 23, 31, 35
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